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LEISURE-MOMENTS

IN

THE CAMP

45!!

AND IN

THE GUARD-ROOM.

“ Passer du grave au doux, du sérieux au sévère.”

BOILEAU ART. POET.

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

.....“ Miscens utile dulci.”.....HOR. ARS. POET.

BY A VETERAN BRITISH OFFICER.

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1812.

TO

The Rev. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, A.M. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE,

VICAR OF HUNMANBY, IN YORKSHIRE,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IN this Volume you will find a variety of articles, which, in proportion to their excellence, will accord with your exquisite taste; there are others, which bear the stamp of mediocrity, but which may afford amusement to many; and not a few of a still humbler description, calculated, perhaps, to awake an occasional smile on the brow of *Emui*.

The splendid passages, on which I have presumed to comment, you will, of course, place to the account of the great men, from whose immortal works they are extracted; to

some few of the tolerable articles I put in my humble claim; while I have no hesitation to declare myself the author of whatever is of a decidedly inferior nature in these sheets.

I have in general translated freely, and for this reason: I do not expect to have many of the learned by profession, or of the very ignorant for my readers; it would be too great a condescension on the part of the former, and my best efforts to make myself intelligible to the latter would prove unavailing; but there is a third class, for which it is well worth writing—I allude to that respectable order in society, of which the members are anxious for information, without at all times possessing the facility of acquiring it.

As a Divine, an Orator, a Poet, a Philologist, your name stands conspicuously connected with every department of elegant literature. The languages, Sir, both ancient and modern, are within the sphere of your command; you possess, moreover—but whither am I hurry-

ing, forgetting, that your "*Alma Mater*," that profound judge of literary excellence, has repeatedly pronounced her unequivocal verdict in your favour!—What I wish then, Sir, to observe, is, that by dedicating this Trifle to you, as to a pre-eminent Scholar, I may seem to aim at intrenching myself behind the broad *Ægis* of your splendid fame, in order to promote the sale of the little Work; but I here formally enter my protest against every such motive, every such unbecoming *ruse*, candidly confessing, that I am solely actuated by an ardent desire of *publicly* acknowledging the many and the great obligations under which you have laid me, since a lucky chance procured me the honour and the advantage of your acquaintance: Deign then, Sir, to accept this expression of my most lively gratitude, and of my most profound respect,

Multiplici nexu mancipatus.

YORK, June, 1812.

J. F. Nevill

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LEISURE MOMENTS, &c.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL NONCHALANCE.

THE shameless apathy of the continental Princes, during the greater part of the French revolutionary war, reminds one of a passage in Boileau's admirable *LUTRIN*, in which the Arch-Satirist, alluding to the imbecile Potentates, (as they are facetiously denominated,) predecessors of LEWIS XIV, puts these words into the mouth of SLOTH :

“ Hélas ! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de fainéans ;
S'endormoient sur le trône, et me servant sans honte,
Laissoient leur Sceptre aux mains ou d'un Maire, ou
d'un Comte.”

Ah ! whither fled these happy times of peace,
When idle Kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless ease,
Resign'd their Sceptres and the toils of State
To Counts, or some inferior Magistrate ;
Loll'd on their thrones, devoid of thought or pain,
And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy reign !

A *faincant* Prince is a political excrescence, and ought to be lopped off—an anomaly in a free state.

B

QUACKERY.

THE prescriptions of Empirics, with which the British Isles abound, may, without much of a *Jeu de Mot*, be termed lists of Proscription from the Book of Life, and by many degrees more deleterious than the sanguinary catalogues of a MARIUS or of a SYLLA ; nor can it possibly be ascertained when the death-dealing persecution will cease, as Government does not appear much inclined to release the subject from the impolitic and wicked tax, which it levies on *his health*, by the duty laid upon Quack Medicines!

“ Fingunt se cuncti Medicos, idiota, profanus
Judæus, Monachus, Histrio, Rasor, Annus.”

Each man in Med'cine plays his foolish part,
And thinks that he knows something of that art ;
Priests, Barbers, nay, the Israelitish tribe,
Buffoons, Old Women—how they all prescribe !

To hang Empirics up to scorn, is to pay homage
to the abilities of the learned Practitioner.



TOO MUCH LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

THE French have the expressive word *Mugissement*, the bellowing of an ox, from *Mugitus*: VOLTAIRE wished to Frenchify the Latin substantive *Vagitus*, the cry of an infant in the cradle ; but the Academy would not allow *Vagissement* to obtain currency, which so disappointed and affected the Poet, that he

took an extra dose of opium, and died in consequence. Thus it may be said, that, as he had dedicated a long life to the study of elegant Literature, he ended it by an indigestion of *Belles Lettres* !

This I cannot give as a well-authenticated fact, but I can aver, that such was the prevalent opinion at Paris, at the time of Voltaire's sudden death in 1778 ; and, at the commencement of the revolution, I took the liberty to ask the Marchionesse De VILLETTE (his *belle et bonne*, and favourite niece) if the report had any foundation in truth ; to which she condescendingly answered, "*Il en est certainement quelque chose ;*" signifying that it was not quite a groundless rumour. Be that, however, as it may, the less fastidious INSTITUTE have adopted *Vagissement*, and thus the Poet may be said to enjoy a posthumous triumph. The English, who speak the most hospitable of languages, would have greeted the word with acclamation. Lord NORTH would say, " I will *opiniatre* my assertion to the last !"



" WHO SHALL DECIDE, WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE ?"

THERE are certain thoughts, which, though obviously just in themselves, are not unfrequently deemed incoherent by great literary characters ; such is the well-known sentiment of VIRGIL, with respect

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to the paramount power of Virtue, when united with Comeliness of Person :

“ Gratioꝛ et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.”

SENECA differs widely from the Mantuan Swan, and considers, that he pays but a poor compliment to Virtue, by supposing, that it stands in need of any adventitious ornament to denote it's intrinsic worth. Now, with becoming deference to the great Philosopher, may it not be asserted, that the Poet has expressed a most natural idea, in his usual happy mode, when he declared, that a fair form was a very probable indication of a well-disciplined mind ?

PIOUS POETRY.

THE world of letters is infinitely indebted to the celebrated ROLLIN, for the blaze of light which he has shed on the literature of the ancients. I transcribed the following lines, of his composition, from a marble slab, placed at the head of a spring, which feeds an extensive sheet of water, at *Fleury d'Argouge*, twelve leagues from Paris.

“ Dives aqua, mox pauper, aquis hinc rursus abundans,
Sperare adversis didici, metuisse secundis,
Atque alium, cuncta unde, fluunt, agnoscere fontem.”

Copious—then scant my stream—again it swells ;
Teaching in indigence the hope, in wealth
The fear, of change ; and then that better Fount
Humbly to own, whence all our fortunes flow.

ELEGANT ALLUSION.

MADemoiselle De Scuderi's impromptu, on seeing some violets, which the great Condé took a pleasure in cultivating, is a very happy inspiration, and worthy of her muse.

“ En voyant ces Œillets, qu'un illustre guerrier
Arrosa de la main, qui gagna des batailles ;
Souviens toi qu'Apollon bâtissoit des Murailles,
Et ne t'étonne pas que Mars soit jardinier.”

The Pinks thou see'st, were water'd by a hand
Whose vigour could the doubtful fight command !
Start not, that Mars should play the gardener's boy :
Remember, PÆGÆUS built the walls of Troy.

TRANSCENDENT MERIT DIVERSELY REWARDED.

CALIGULA made his charioteer a present of five hundred thousand crowns, because he possessed the extraordinary talent of driving six in hand, *secundum artem* ; the Athenians reared a statue to ARISTOTLE for having displayed much science in the Tennis-Court ; Sultan OSMAN, having observed one of his inferior gardeners planting a cabbage *gracefully*, made him viceroy of Cyprus ; HENRY VIII. of pious, clement, and amiable memory, created his chief cook a Baron, because he excelled all his contemporaries in the sublime art of dressing tripe ;

Cardinal RICHELIEU, being informed that the Abbé GODEAU, a wretchedly ignorant priest, had put *Grace before Meat* into the most unpoetical jingle, sent for him, complimented him ironically on his composition, and, being in a fanciful humour, appointed him to the vacant bishopric of GRASSE. To those *Mirabilia* may be added the extraordinary case of a British General, who, though proverbially disqualified for his profession, obtained a Regiment, merely because, being of a mechanical disposition, he knew how to make a *watch*, and when, where, and through what medium to present it! This circumstance procured for the *donor* the appellation of the *time-server*, and that of the *time-keeper* for the *donee*.

“Munera, crede mihi, placant hominesque, deosque!”

Such is the omnipotence of corruption. The General alluded to has been many years dead. Regiments are now given to the worthy only.



As Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens, contended for the honour of having given birth to HOMER, so GROTIUS, whose religion hung rather loose and equivocally about him, saw himself claimed by the disciples of Arius, Socinius, Arminius, Calvin, Luther, and of his Holiness of Rome!

ANACREON,

Of all the Poets of antiquity, has, perhaps, obtained the greatest portion of unmerited commendation ; for the whole of his writings may be comprised in a line or two,—“ Let us drink, and let us love ; every moment that is not sacrificed to sensuality, is a moment lost.” But, what is most particularly to be lamented, is, that his too elegant modern translator has not employed his splendid and substantial acquirements in a moral department, worthy of his pen, and calculated to improve the great interests of social life.

Without a chaste heart, Imagination is but a *Circe*, and Harmony, but a *Siren* !

A young, modest, and handsome female, who speaks only when she is spoken to, is an amiable representative of *Echo*.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THIS most distinguished of all periodical publications, may, without a figure, be called the *Martyrology of Authors*, whose works are made to run the gauntlet, under which they frequently expire.—But

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to fall by such hands may be considered a kind of negative honour, as authors in order to console themselves, may exclaim with Virgil's hero, when he slew Lausus :

" Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere sortem,
Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis !"

" There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell !"

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

AN English Lady of rank, who visited Ireland in the suite of a late Viceroy, and who was remarkable for not having what is called "*a pretty little mouth,*" was said to be very agreeable, and to possess "*a most open countenance, breathing love from ear to ear !*"

ROYAL CONSISTENCY.

QUEEN CHRISTIANA of Sweden says, in her *Maxims*, what should be emblazoned in golden capitals—namely, that "*Revenge is never an inmate in a generous bosom.*" It is worth asking, whether her Majesty penned that Christian sentence before, or after, she had ordered her Master of the Horse—the faithful MONALDESCHI—to be *strangled !*

ROMANS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SALLUST says, with equal felicity and truth, "Our ancestors were the most religious of men, and the least addicted to sensual gratification; their piety was the sole ornament of their temples, as their military achievements constituted the only decorations of their private dwellings: '*Delubra Deorum pietate, domos suas gloriâ decorabant;*' they were moderate in victory, and contented themselves with depriving the vanquished enemy of the power to do harm:—but, alas! their posterity, of all mortals the vilest, plunder their very allies of what the conquerors of the universe generously conceded to the prostrate foe; as if to commit acts of violence, and to be unjust, were to exercise legitimate dominion; '*Proinde quasi injuriam facere, id demum esset imperio uti.*' "

The latter part of this unflattered likeness is unfortunately but too applicable to the existing spurious brood of ancient Rome. What would SALLUST say, were he now to witness the degraded state of mind of the Italians of Rome, the dastard prey of every invader, the *Buffoons* and *Merry-Andrews* of Europe? But what would VIRGIL think, were he to see the offspring of the heroes of his day, of

whom, in his high-wrought enthusiasm, he sang with truth, and exquisite elegance :

" Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

Or thus in French.

" Ton art, peuple Romain, ton illustre science,
Sera d'asservir tout à ta vaste puissance ;
De te rendre en tous lieux, dans la guerre et dans la paix,
L'effroi des ennemis, et l'amour des sujets."

Englished.

" But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey ;
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way :
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free ;
These are imperial arts and worthy thee."

The muse of **FARNAY** has parodied **VIRGIL's** lines with his accustomed felicity, in the following manner, and drawn the miniature picture of the modern Romans to the life.

" Votre art plus raffiné, peuple ingénieux,
C'est d'enchanter le goût et d'éblouir les yeux ;
C'est de savoir par les tours d'une adresse féconde,
Dans les mêmes panneaux——attraper tout le monde."

Which will bear the following English version :

" 'Tis yours, ingenious race, with subtler wile,
The eye, the taste, to dazzle and beguile ;
And in one net, with art consummate hurl'd,
Enmesh and hold an unreluctant world."

ROMAN DISCIPLINE.

WE know, through the medium of history, that the Gauls were individually stronger, and collectively more numerous, than the Roman legions, properly so denominated; and that the Greeks were more polished, and more expert in performing feats, demanding agility and corporeal strength; but then the Romans were more eminently qualified to command, being better disciplined, and more deeply versed in the sublime science of war; and it was through that very discipline, which may not unaptly be styled the foundation, the key-stone of their mighty empire, as well as the salient spring of their numberless triumphs, that they subdued the vigour, the numbers, the riches, the politeness, nay the very *virtue* of other nations!



ROMAN GREATNESS OF MIND.

St. EVREMONT, speaking of Roman magnanimity, expresses himself in these terms: "Un peuple si magnanime aimoit autant périr, que choir; et tenoit pour une chose indifférente de n'être plus, quand il ne seroit pas le maître des autres." To this magnanimous people it would have been the same to perish, as to cease to command supremely:

to them it was a circumstance of unequivocal indifference not to exist at all, as to exist without possessing imperial dominion. Such a turn is worthy both of the Roman mind, and of the happy genius of the PETRONIUS of France.

LIFE.

THE life of an honest man has as many acts as a legitimate comedy. The first act is the picture of his innocence; the second is that of his juvenile passions; the third exhibits him in the study of the sciences; the fourth shows him in his progress to honours; the fifth and last portrays him in the pious tranquillity of old age.

OOOOOOOO

THE Princes, Margraves, and Barons of *Germany*; the Dons of *Spain*; the Members of the Legion of Honour in regenerated *France*; the Signors of *Italy*; the Magnates of *Hungary*; the Laïrds of *Scotland*; the ancient Noblesse of *Ireland*; the itinerant Divines, the needy Subalterns of Horse and Foot, the private Tutors, (*alias* retailers of Syntax,) the briefless Barristers, and younger Brothers in *England*, amount to the sum total of the title to this article.

A RONDEAU BY A FRENCH JOINER, WHO DID NOT KNOW
HIS LETTERS !

“ Pour te guérir de cette sciatique,
Qui te retient, comme un paraletique,
Entre deux draps sans aucun mouvement,
Prens moi deux brocs d'un fin jus de sarment,
Puis, lis comment on le met en pratique;
Prens en deux doigts et bien chauds les applique
Sur l'épiderme, où la douleur te pique,
Et tu boiras le reste promptement,
Pour te guérir.

Sur cet avis ne sois point hérétique ;
Car Je te fais un serment authentique,
Que, si tu crains ce doux médicament,
Ton medecin pour ton soulagement,
Fera-l'essai de ce qu'il communique,
Pour te guérir.”

Thus Englished.

“ To cure you at once of sciatical pains,
That hamper your body in dolorous pains,
And keep you confin'd in your sheets without motion,
Take me two jorams of wine for a potion,
Reserving two glasses by way of a lotion,
Which warm you'll apply to the part that's affected,
Then tip the remainder, as I have directed,
To cure you.

Be not such a heretic as to disbelieve it,
For, to convince you, I'll make affidavit,
That, if to the doze you've any objection,
The doctor himself will try the prescription,
To cure you.”

FRIENDSHIP.

As certain rivers never do so much good, as when they overflow their banks; so Friendship is never so much a virtue, as when it runs into excess.

PAPAL VIRTUE.

LEO X. frequently uttered the following impious expressions:—"Quantas nobis divitias comparavit ista fabula CHRISTI!"—What riches have we not amassed by that fiction about CHRIST!

NICHOLAS I. prohibited the clergy from marrying, declaring, that it was, by many degrees, more *moral* and *orthodox* to have private intercourse with other men's wives, than to submit to the conjugal yoke. What an excess of Catholic piety!

MILITARY BON MOT.

A classical Lieutenant of my acquaintance, being asked what he thought of a very fine Lady, who, though verging on her eight lustre, was far advanced in pregnancy, answered "She is like a stately orange-tree, at once in bloom and bearing fruit—" *Miscens autumni ac veris honores*—parading, at the same time, autumnal and vernal honours."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Fontenelle, the modern Lucien, says "It's true that man cannot find the philosopher's stone, but while he is searching for it, he never fails to make some new and important discovery."

"The search itself rewards his pains ;
And if, like Chymists, his great end he miss,
Yet things well worth his toil he gains ;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good, unsought experiments by the way."

Every science has its chimæra, which it is ever pursuing unsuccessfully. Chymistry has its Philosopher's stone; Geometry its quadrature of the circle; Astronomy its longitude; Mechanics their perpetual motion. Even Morality has its chimæras, namely, Disinterestedness, and unalloyed Friendship.



PUNNING.

The French call this base-born species of wit "*des Calambourgs*," and they abandon it to their lackeys and their filles de chambre, as being congenial with the barrenness of their intellect, and their natural propensity to ribaldry. Martial, the Prince of Punsters, never could acquire any higher fame, than that of being considered as a "Collector of thistles, and of noxious weeds, at the very foot of Parnassus!"

SPEAK HIGHLY OF THE COMMON ENEMY—OR BE SILENT.

It is at once ungenerous and impolitic to mention even a defeated enemy with disrespect: for if you have conquered him, you have achieved but little; and if he have conquered you, you lessen your own valour by avowing the superiority of his. So did SALLUST think, when he said with his wonted elegance—"Nam de Carthagine tacere satius puto, quam raram dicere:" "For I think it more dignified to say nothing about Carthage, than to say but little concerning her." This was worthy of the great Roman Historian, when speaking of the illustrious rival of his native land.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

ROBERT D'ARBRISSEL, the pious founder of the monastic order of Fontevrault, in France, was the most eloquent preacher of the age in which he lived, and the most successful in reclaiming sinners, particularly females, whose *stars* had led them astray.—It is upon record in the register of the Cathedral of Rouen, that, in the year 1100, he converted, in the short space of a fortnight, seven thousand *filles de joie* in that capital of Normandy, exclusive of an immense number of *femmes couvertes*.

Now, notwithstanding the extensive piety of ROBERT, and the singular success which attended on

his labours in the vineyard, he was so much afraid of being carried away by the *Devil*, that he lay between two virgins every night, trusting that their chastity

.....All pure and unpolluted
As snow new sifted through a northern sky,
And kiss'd by the cold breeze,.....

would shield him from the fangs of the fiend.—But alas! the Father of Sin ultimately proved himself the lord of the ascendant, for ROBERT was publicly accused and convicted of having formed more links with posterity, than his monastic vow, and the canons of the holy Catholic Church, seemed to sanction, or even to tolerate.

How diametrically different was the conduct of THOMAS, the second of that name, and the twenty-seventh Archbishop of York, who, being advised by his physicians, *for the sake of his health*, to frequent the society of the ladies, declined every kind of intercourse with them, “because,” said the holy prelate, “I prefer my modesty to life.” “*Salutem carnis tandem morituræ immortale pudicitiae decus non committam.*”

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.—THE HOLY FAMILY.

DURING my long residence in various parts of France, I was much connected with the Protestants of the country; and I may aver, that I never knew

an individual among them, of either sex, who was not, more or less, a valuable character, possessing all the good qualities of their nation, without the slightest possible tinge of their blemishes. I always connected them with the idea, which we are apt to form of the *primitive Christians*.

During the autumnal recess from studies, in the year 1778, I left Paris for the purpose of visiting Switzerland. I was in company with a young French Nobleman, who had been in that country before. Upon the persecution of the French Protestants, a Commercial Hall was built for their encouragement at Bern, in which was a white marble slab with the following inscription, which I merely introduce on account of a circumstance, that should never have been, in any manner, connected with it.

"Tempore quo crassa clericorum ignorantia, cum gratiâ et privilegio Regis, in verum Deicolum fureret, atque draconum operâ eos, quos Huguenotos vocant, ferro, flammâ et omnis generis cruce e regno pelleret, Supremus Magistratus e rudetibus cœnobii, olim Prædicatorum, has ædes extraxit, ut Pietatem simul et Artem, Galliâ exulantes, hospitalibus tectis exciperent. Faxit D. O. M. ut Charitatis hoc opificium sit Patriæ incremento!"

Which may be thus Englished :

"When the gross ignorance of the clergy, supported by the King's favour and authority, exerted it's rage against the true worship of God ; and by the agency of dragoons, when fire, sword, and every species of torture drove those, whom they called Huguenots, out of the kingdom, the Supreme Magistrate of this city built this house upon the ruins of the

ancient Monastery of the Dominican Friars, in order that Piety and Industry, banished at the same time from France, might here find an asylum. May it please the most great and good God, that this work of Charity do promote the true interest of our native land !”

In the year 1692, the French Ambassador prevailed on the Magistrates to remove the offensive marble, which I saw, eighty-six years after, in the most degraded state, serving as a hearth-stone in the kitchen of the inn, where I resided, while I remained at Bern !—“ What a falling off was there !”

Wherever the victims of the sultan Louis, and of his minister, the ferocious Louvois, took refuge, thither they carried civilization, amenity of manners, the mild and gentle arts of peace, talents, industry, evangelical religion, and every social virtue. They added a hundred fold to the riches of Holland ; they greatly contributed to the accession of consequence which electoral Prussia obtained in process of time ; they built the new town of Hesse Cassel, and caused it to vie, in miniature, with the capital of France ; nor is England less indebted to those illustrious exiles, whose offspring have not degenerated ; for, in whatever country they are found, they are known by their industry, their spirit of toleration, and their virtuous proceedings.

This assertion cannot be more triumphantly illustrated, than by the bare mention of the family of LA TOUCHE. This truly distinguished house has

been established in Ireland ever since the impolitic revocation of the edict of Nantz; and the aboriginal Irish, who adhere so tenaciously to names and dignified ancestry, pride themselves not less for numbering the LA TOUCHES among their countrymen, than they do for their own Milesian descent;—a sacred consideration, not to be censured with impunity!—In effect, the family, here alluded to, seem to be the chosen agents of Providence in that portion of the United Kingdom; like the sun, a LA TOUCHE vivifies, cheers, invigorates all around him; he runs his daily career of wide beneficence, and exists, as it were, only for the advantage of his fellow-creatures.

The following incident, however trifling in itself, will place, in its true point of view, the opinion which the Irish, of all religious persuasions, entertain concerning this respectable and respected family.

During the too short vice-regal administration of a certain illustrious Peer, well known for his tolerant system of politics, Doctor TROY, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, was a frequent and welcome guest at the Castle. A few months before the period alluded to, the principal Roman Catholics of the Irish Capital formed a charitable society, for the purpose of administering relief to families, who had fallen from opulence into decay.—Numbers experienced the excellent effects of the confraternity's exertions. Doctor TROY was chief manager of the institution, which

the members conceived to be under the particular auspices of the HOLY FAMILY—viz. of J. C. the VIRGIN MOTHER and St. JOSEPH !

The Doctor, being seated at a card-table, and complimented by a Lady of great quality on the success of the benevolent establishment, was asked by her what the Roman Catholics understood by the HOLY FAMILY, thus answered her—“ *The Holy Family, my Lady, are the LA TOUCHES of the other world—the benefactors of the human race ! !* ”

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

DIGNITIES greatly influence men's conduct.—BALDWIN, a poor, and, long, an unprotected monk, became, by regular gradations, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. His new honours so altered his general conduct, that Pope URBAN III. writing to him on ecclesiastical affairs, addressed the letter in the following manner:—“ Balduino, Monacho ferventissimo, Abbati calido, Episcopo tepido, Archiepiscopo remisso.” To Baldwin, who *was* a most pious Monk, a zealous Abbot, a lukewarm Bishop, and who *is now* a careless Archbishop !

MÆCENAS, &c.

THE portrait of MÆCENAS, as drawn by an elegant Latin historian, is a master-piece of it's kind.

PATERCULUS says, he was a man, who would labour both day and night, when business demanded his undivided attention; he thought of every thing, and was equal to every thing; but then he would wallow in indolence and sensuality, almost more than a woman, when unemployed in state affairs. "Vir ubi res vigiliam exigeret sanè exsomni providens atque agendi sciens; simul verò aliquid ex negotio remitti posset, otio ac molliis, penè ultra fœminam, fluens."

THE greatest encouragers of learning in France, since the time of FRANCIS I. deservedly denominated "The restorer of polite literature," were LEWIS XIV. and his great minister, COLBERT; a circumstance the more creditable to the memory of the King, as he himself could read but very incorrectly, and it was with difficulty that he could sign his name: as for COLBERT, he not only did not know a word of Latin, but could not write French with any degree of classical precision.

LEWIS could never forgive those, who should have attended to his education, and who shamefully neglected it. "N'y avoit-il point," he would say to them, "de *bouveau* en France?" What! was there no *birch* in France?

TE DEUM.

THE hymn beginning with those words, was composed by ST. AMBROSE and ST. AUSTIN, going processionally to the great church at Milan, one making and singing one strophe, the other another. The effusion is no doubt a pious one, but SANTEUIL would have treated us with more idiomatical Latin.

PARAPHRASE OF "TEMPUS EDAX RERUM."

"Time with corroding teeth eats on his way,
And rocks, and stones, and monuments decay :
Nature grows old, and daily wastes her stores,
And billows rise and swell beyond their shores ;
Tow'rs nod their heads, and sacred temples fall,
And ruin triumphs o'er the tott'ning ball."

PAWNBROKER.

THE first of this amiable class in England was a King, the son and successor of the gentle and humane WILLIAM, ycleped the *Conqueror*. WILLIAM RUFUS accepted, as a *pledge* for six thousand, six hundred, and sixty-six pounds, the Dukedom of Normandy from his own brother, in order to fit him

out for a pious excursion to Palestine ; and further to evince the innate *honour* of the Monarch of England, Robert never effectually recovered his property, though he returned the money, with compound interest, to the royal pawn-broker.— Does this not corroborate VOLTAIRE's assertion : “ Les Princes n'ont pas de parens ? ” Princes have no relations ?

RELIGION.

A Tunesian Prince, speaking of the Dutch Admiral RUYTER, exclaimed, “ He is a gallant fellow—what a pity he is a *Christian* ! ”

When Valenciennes surrendered to the Duke of York, the British troops marched first into the ruins of that city, as His Royal Highness had been the besieging General. A French Priest, a Doctor of the College of Navarre, and formerly Principal of the small seminary of St. Sulpitius in Paris, very politely requested me to point out to him the British Prince, to whose gallantry and perseverance, he, like many other emigrants, was indebted for the liberty of returning among his relatives. As His Royal Highness was passing under the grateful shade of his laurels, I informed the Priest, that the son of my King was at the head of

the troops. He looked with astonishment at, perhaps, the most martial figure he ever saw, and, at last, turning round to one of his countrymen, exclaimed, "Grand Dieu ! quel superbe homme ! quel dommage, qu'il soit destiné au feu éternel !" Good Lord ! what a fine man ! what a pity that he is destined for hell fire ! I inquired the name of this *ardent* priest, and learned that he was called Abbé PARISIS, a native of Valenciennes. He was afterwards a pensioner on the eleemosynary bounty of Englishmen.

The Tunesian Grandee was much more liberal than Monsieur l'Abbé, for, in his clemency, he did not damn RUYTER, because he happened to be a Christian.

It is a dreadful consideration, and not less true than dreadful, that Religion, which is the good man's consolation, as well as the last, best refuge of the wicked, has ever been the pretext for interminable feuds, and sanguinary contentions, among people not blessed with liberal propensities. JUVENAL says appositely :

....." Summus utrinque
Indè furor vulgo, quòd numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quem solus credat habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colit."

....." Hence ruthless rancour springs ;
Bath hates his neighbour's Gods, and each believes
The Power alone divine, which he adores."

C

The people of Tentyra and Ombri, neighbouring districts in Egypt, were engaged in endless quarrels concerning the *Crocodile*, which the former worshipped, and the latter killed, wherever they found it. "Mutato nomine, de nobis fabula narratur." The Roman Catholic damns the Protestant because he rejects the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and the latter, in his holy zeal, anathematizes the Catholic, because he says his prayers in Latin!

"The common cry is e'er Religion's test;
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India, Popery at Rome,
And our own worship only true at home;
And true but far the time—'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-Almighties in their turns."

A PRETTY TRIFLE.

M. DE ST. AULAIRE was verging on his hundredth year, when a beautiful young Duchess, calling him her *Apollo*, requested him to communicate to her a family secret of some consequence to which he was privy. The elegant poet, who had never written a verse before he had attained the grand climac-

teric; uttered the following delicate impromptu on the occasion.

“ La divinité, qui s’amuse
A me demander mon secret,
Si j’étois Apollon, ne seroit pas ma muse ;
Elle seroit Thétis——et le jour seroit.”

“ Were I Apollo, O divinest fair !
Who deign to ask the secret of a friend,
You should not be my Muse, but I declare
You should be THETIS, and the day should end.”



AN ATTEMPT AT JUSTIFYING VIRGIL'S FAMOUS ANACHRONISM.

THE omnipotence of Poets enables them to “ annihilate time and space,” for the purpose of effecting their miracles. Unlike the orator, who considers, weighs, judges, and is in possession of his reasonable faculties, the poet gives himself up to his imagination; he is under the absolute influence of illusion; to him the past is present: he even fathoms futurity, boldly reading in the volume of Fate; now with rapid and lofty flight he soars to Heaven; contemplates the Almighty on his throne of glory, and counts the myriads of Angels that surround it! now he descends to the lowest abyss, where the impious receive the punishment due to sin: from the abode of phantoms, he returns to his native earth; he con-

siders Nature, and unveils her mysteries; if one world does not suffice for the bold efforts of his fancy, he is privileged to create another, and to embellish or annihilate it at will. Such are the prerogatives of the Poet.

Prosaically speaking, the Queen of Carthage could not be deeply enamoured of the pious son of ANCHISES, for a very satisfactory reason, namely, because her Punic Majesty was born several years after the death of ÆNEAS!

Not only poets, however, but whole nations have fallen into chronological errors. The Romans believed, that NUMA was a disciple of PYTHAGORAS; though it be well known, that the successor of ROMULUS lived nearly two centuries before the arrival of the Samian philosopher in Italy: Still OVID makes no difficulty to mention it as an historical fact in the XVth Book of his *Metamorphoses*; and it is very probable, that he also considered ÆNEAS and DIDO as contemporaries. Such an hypothesis would bear VIRGIL out in his assertion, every poet having, according to the *Horatian precept*, a right to avail himself of the fables received, and to consider them as matters of fact:

“ Aut famam sequere; aut sibi convenientia fingere,
Scriptor.”

Moreover, an excellent poet may be but a poor chronologist; as it is almost certain that an

eminent chronologist will prove but a sorry pupil of the Muses.

HEILEGELAND REDIVIVUS.

“ Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honores.”

What the great lyric Roman said, with respect to words, is sometimes applicable to places. *Heilegeland*, which, after having existed during many centuries, as a spot remarkable only for its insignificance and sterility, is become an island of great importance, by being one of the chief *entrepôts* of British manufacture destined to be landed on the continent of Europe. It has a governor and a lieutenant-governor, though it be not a mile in extent.

It was once a place of considerable note, and the *Mecca* of the Celts, who frequented it for religious purposes. Tacitus, with his delicate pencil, tells us, that the Celts worshiped the *earth*, as the *alma mater* of the human race, and presents us a beautifully simple picture of their mode of adoration.

“ They,” says the most emphatical of historians, “ unite in the worship of *Hertha*, and suppose her to interfere in the affairs of mortals. In a small island of the ocean stands a sacred and unviolated grove, in which is a consecrated chariot, covered

with a veil, which the priest alone is permitted to touch. He perceives when the Goddess enters this secret recess, and with profound veneration attends the vehicle, which is drawn by yoked cows. At this season all is joy, and every place, which the Goddess deigns to visit, is a scene of festivity: no wars are undertaken; arms lie untouched, and every hostile weapon is laid aside; peace and repose are then alone known, then alone loved: till, at length, the same priest reconducts the Goddess, satisfied with mortal intercourse, to her temple. The chariot with its covering, and, *if we may believe it*, the Goddess herself, then undergo ablution in a sacred lake. This office is performed by slaves, whom the lake instantly swallows up. Hence proceeds a mysterious horror, and a holy ignorance of what that can be, which is beheld only by those who are about to perish."

ADAM DE BARMEN proves incontrovertibly, that Heilegeland is the spot, to which the Roman Historian so pointedly alludes.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

I HAVE heard, in different countries, in various idioms, Christian divines, of dissimilar denominations, preach on this most important of all subjects;

but in such metaphysical jargon, that their combined eloquence did not give birth to a solitary idea calculated to take hold of my mind, or to impress it with a conviction of the sublime and cheering truth; so that, were it not for the united light of the gospel and of reason, and for the stupendous objects of nature, by which I am surrounded, and which cannot be the effect of chance, but the work of an Almighty hand, I should be an unbeliever! This doctrine needs not the decoration of language to enforce its truth, which no sophistry can invalidate. Hear how a *Pagan*, unaided by the power of the Gospel, proves, and proves triumphantly, in unadorned phrase, (though, of all men, he possessed the felicity of words in the most eminent degree,) the immortality of the soul, and the consequent state of rewards and punishment:

“ Animorum nulla in terris origo inveniri potest, nihil enim est in animis mixtum atque concretum, aut quod, ex terrâ natum atque fictum esse videatur; nihil ne aut humidum quidem, aut stabile, aut igneum. His enim in naturis nihil inest, quod vim memoriæ, mentis, cogitationis habeat; quod et præterita teneat et futura provideat, et complecti possit præsentia: quæ sola divina sunt; nec invenietur unquam, unde ad hominem venire possint, nisi a DEO. Singularis est igitur quedam naturâ atque vis animi sejuncta ab his usitatis notisque naturis; itaque quidquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult,

quod viget, cœleste et divinum est, obeamque rem æternum sit necesse est ! Nec verò DEUS IPSE, qui intelligitur a nobis, alio modo intelligi potest, nisi mens soluta quædam et libera, segregata ab omni concretionem mortali, omnia sentiens et movens, ipsa que prædita motu sempiterna !”

“The origin of the soul is not to be found upon this earth ; for there is nothing mixed, nor compound in the soul, nothing, which appears to proceed from the *Earth*, from *Water*, from *Air*, from *Fire* ; none of those elements contains any thing, which can impart memory, understanding, reflection ; which can call back the past, foresee the future, and embrace the present. Never will it be discovered whence man derives those supernatural qualities, unless they be traced to the DIVINITY HIMSELF : the soul, therefore, is of a singular composition, possessing nothing in common with the elements, with which we are acquainted. Whatever then be the nature of a being, which has sentiment, understanding, will, principle of life—THAT BEING MUST BE CELESTIAL, IT MUST BE DIVINE, AND THEREFORE IMMORTAL. It is thus only that the idea of GOD presents itself to our imagination, as a pure spirit, unmixed, free from all corruptible matter, which knows every thing, puts every thing in motion, and which is gifted with never-ending motion itself.”

CICERO, who is deservedly canonized in the breasts of all good men, wrote those cheering lines while he was labouring under the most heart-rending of all human calamities, deploring the loss of a darling daughter, a tender blossom, blasted prematurely. This very circumstance must impress a reasonable being with a correct idea of the Philosopher's sincerity on the momentous, sad occasion, as it is well known, that, in the season of affliction, the soul, more than usually attuned to pious contemplation, is lifted up far beyond terrestrial considerations, communes, and, as it were, holds more immediate converse with it's divine Author, thence deriving a vast accumulation of spiritual treasure.

Fully convinced of those irrefragable truths, SOCRATES, though on the point of sealing his creed with his blood, disdained to appear before his judges in the attitude of a suppliant. No; he continued to maintain his native dignity, not as the effect of pride, but of pious magnanimity. On the day of his death, he expatiated widely on this important subject; and, though an opportunity presented itself of effecting his escape from prison, he refused to avail himself of it: nay, at the very moment the fatal draught was held to his lips, he spoke, not like a man about to breathe his last, but

like a hero, who was ascending to his God, in order to receive the reward due to his virtue.

“Exalted SOCRATES! divinely brave!

Injur’d he fell, and, dying, he forgave:

He drank the poisonous draught

With mind serene, and would not wish to see

His vile accuser drink as deep as he:—

Too noble for revenge!”

Some years ago I found the following words, in a manuscript, in the public library at Leipsic, purporting to be the last sentiments of the celebrated CREMONINI, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Padua, and who was said to have denied the immortality of the better part of man.

“In nomine Domini. Amen; anno a nativitate ejusdem 1631, die decimâ sextâ Julii, Patavii. ‘Manete in vocatione quâ vocati estis:’ PAULUS Apostolus. Ad Philosophiam sum vocatus; in eâ totus fui: siquid philosophando peccavi, memento me esse hominem, cui innatum est peccare, te vero esse DEUM, cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere; in tuo igitur sancto nomine, hanc mihi constituo ultimam voluntatem,” &c.

“In the name of the Lord. Amen; and in the year from his birth 1631, July 16th, at Padua. ‘Remain in your calling,’ says PAUL the Apostle. I was called to philosophy, and I have given myself up to it without reserve; if I have sinned in searching after truth and wisdom, remember that I am but

a man; that sin is inherent in my nature, and that thou art GOD, whose attribute is ever to pity and to spare; I therefore, in thy holy name, consider this act as containing my last sentiments," &c.

VIRGIL,

Who thinks so naturally, and so wisely, appears to have forgotten himself in the following instance: it is where JUNO, enraged at the return of *ÆNEAS* into Italy, exclaims with vehemence

"Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros?"

Could those, he says, who were already captured, be taken? Could Troy, which was already consumed, consume them?

Is this not affected, puerile—at once beneath the dignity of the subject and the poet? Even female wrath does not vent itself in quibbles, in unmeaning puns; and there is no doubt, but had VIRGIL lived to revise his *Æneid*, he would have put very different expressions into the mouth of the celestial virago.

METAPHOR.

CONSIDERABLE judgment and discrimination are requisite in order to succeed in metaphorical language. There must be no confusion; it's principal beauties are displayed by ease and apposite-

ness of expression : if the metaphor be far-fetched, instead of giving life to the thought, it renders it not only gloomy, but sullen. Metaphor, properly so denominated, rejects every species of extraneous image ; the similitude must be scrupulously kept up, or it fails in it's essential part.

If this precept be correct, a great poet, no less a man than the HORACE of France, has erred egregiously against it in the following distich :

“ Prens ta foudre, Louis, et va, comme un lien,
Donner le dernier coup à la dernière tête de la rebellion.”

Here common sense is outraged ! what connexion, immediate, or remote, is there between a *thunderbolt* and a *lion* ? They present two most distinct ideas to the mind, and are irreconcilable to the laws of classical precision.

Nor is Tasso less extravagant, when he thus speaks of the swords of two combatants :

They shine like *lightning*, he says, make a noise like *thunder*, and strike like a *thunderbolt*.

“ Lampo nel fiam meggiar, nel romor tuono,
Fulmini nel ferir le spade sono.”

Lightning and thunder, attended by it's *bolt*, do not cut a very natural figure on the blade of a broad sword ; and it is most probable, that VIRGIL would never have clothed any of his images in such an elementary garb.

TASSO has, perhaps, too much of the *cliquant* of his nation in various passages of his works. In one place, he paints the despair of one of his heroines, who is extravagantly in love, in the most ludicrous style: He mounts her on a gay palfrey, makes her ride full speed, with *Cupid* on one side, and *Disdain* on the other, like two greyhounds escorting her in her amorous peregrinations:

“Vassane e fugge; e van seco pur anco
Sdegno et amor, quasi duo veltri al fianco.”

Rational beings will be apt to consider *those puppies* as a nuisance in the picture, while the admirers of the marvellous will exclaim “*bravissimo! bravissimo!*”

The Spaniards deal extensively in *outré* metaphor, of which let the following be proofs:

“Muchos siglos de hermosura,
En pocos annos de edad.”

The lovely maid is young in years—but she possesses *several centuries* of beauty! A beauty of *several centuries* may be a very eligible object on the other side of the Pyrenees, but in this United Kingdom, it is more probable, that she would arrest the attention of the Antiquarian Society, than that of the bloods of any of the three capitals.

GONGORA, whom the Spaniards call the *marvellous Poet*, and the delight of the nation, is astonish-

ingly metaphorical. In one of his high flying odes he says, that the *Mançanares*, the river which steals through Madrid, is the *Duke of Rivulets*, and the *Viscount of Rivers*.

“Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el agüatismo
Esteis Duque de Arroyos,
Y Visconde de los Rios.”

The Poet's modesty would not allow him to call it a *Grandee of Spain*, for it is but a petty stream, which, in the summer season, is reduced to the fate of TANTALUS, ever calling for, and never obtaining, a drop of water.

The following abuse of metaphor is evident in the French Tragedy of “*Pyramus and Thisbe* ;” it is where, taking up the bloody dagger, with which her lover had killed himself, she exclaims.

“Ah ! voici le poignard, qui du sang de son maître
S'est souillé lâchement——il en rougit, le traître.”

“Ah ! coward blade, which drank, before his time,
It's master's blood——and blushes at the crime !”

To make a *dagger* guilty of a crime, is to introduce a novel species of culprit into the court of APOLLO ; but it must be a dagger of strange composition, indeed, of which the blade can be tinged with a blush.

Our own "Orphan of China" has, perhaps, too much of this :

....."The sabre's edge
Thirsts for his blood ; then, let it's lightning fall
On his aspiring head."

ATTORNEYS.

It is a flagrant act of injustice to look upon every Attorney, as being more or less a *knave* ; for it is well known that many of them are most respectable characters, and eminently qualified, both by their integrity and their amiable acquirements, to mix in the best and most refined circles. Whence, then, proceeds the calamity, of which the public have so loudly to complain, namely, the extensive and malignant influence, which Attorneys exercise, with impunity, over the minds and fortunes of his Majesty's subjects throughout the British empire ? Without searching for any abstruse or latent cause for the evil, may it not be ascribable to one, on the other, or to all, of the ~~three~~ following reasons,—viz. to the various interpretations to which the Laws of England are ~~liable~~ ; on account of the *equivocal* language in which they are couched ; to the accumulation of contradictory acts of Parliament ; and "last, though perhaps not least," to the pettifogging propensities, and low machinations

of a vast majority of Attorneys, who, sprung from the lowest order of society, are unacquainted with the laws of honour, and who, not being educated in the principles of strict morality, are not very scrupulous about the means they employ, so that they attain the end which they have in view, be it what it may!

The following is the golden rule, by which the gang of dishonest Attorneys are said to square their conduct:

"Be a true leech to your client, as long as there is any thing left to suck; but, lest he should compel you to disgorge—after you have dropped off, turn *Viper!*"

This calamity will exist no longer, when acts of Parliament cease to be ambiguous; when Law and Equity shall become synonymes; when only men of education, and of decent connexions, are admitted to be Attorneys; events reserved, no doubt, for a future golden age. Immoral Attorneys are the *Quacks* of the Law.

IGNORANCE.

It is a fatal truth, that as we travel through life, we find more *minds* lying *fallow*, than we do tracts of territory!—"Still it is the mind that makes the body rich."

HUMANITY HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN A CARDINAL VIRTUE!

RICHELIEU, while Minister of State to **LOUIS XIV.** was one day celebrating mass for the Royal Family. When he was about the middle of the office, an Aide-de Camp from the army, booted, spurred, and splashed all over, came to the altar, for the purpose of asking his Eminence, what punishment should be inflicted on the garrison of a certain Spanish fortress, which was opposing obstinate resistance to his Majesty's arms, and which was expected soon to surrender? The Cardinal, in his Christian charity, sent the following written order to the besieging general:—"Quand vous aurez donné l'assaut, et que la place se rendra, passez la garnison, aussi bien que les habitans, hommes, femmes, et enfans, au fil de l'épée." When you shall have taken the fortress by storm, or that it shall have surrendered to you, put the garrison to the sword, as well as the inhabitants, men, women, and children! Then, as a ceremony of the service, he took water, saying, "*Lavabo manus meas inter innocentes,*" &c. I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I compass thy altar, O Lord!

THE SERENITY OF A PRINCE DISCOMPOSED.

I WAS at Hesse Cassel in the summer of 1795, and through military curiosity, went to the Sunday

parade, when the Prince was to inspect and manœuvre his guards. I expected a treat, nor was I disappointed, and I may say, that I never saw a finer body of men; but when I observed His Most Serene Highness galloping down the front of the parade, *cutting* indiscriminately the non-commissioned officer and the private, and swearing most cavalierly at the officers, my admiration was soon converted into pity for the brave men, (the officers deserved all they got,) and into unequivocal contempt for the ruffian Landgrave, the worthy and accomplished representative of the herd of petty despots, who then infested Germany.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE remains of that great man are interred at Seville in Spain, and have over them the following epitaph, clumsily carved on an ill-hewn stone, and thus strangely pointed.

"Christophorus (genuit quem Genoa clara) Columbus
 (Numine percussus quo ne) cō primus in altum
 Descendens pelagus, solem versusque cadentem,
 Directo cursu nostro hactenus abdita mundo,
 Litora detexi, Hispano paritura Philippo:
 Audenda hinc aliis plura et majora reliquens."

I Christopher Columbus, a native of fair Genoa, was the first who undertook (I know not by what

power impelled) to stem the western wave in a direct course, and to discover new shores for the control of Philip of Spain: I have left other and greater lands for individuals, more daring than myself, to explore.

LUCAN'S STYLE Imitated.

THE French Poet, SANTEUIL, is as prodigal of praise towards Louis XIV. as Ovid towards his Grand Monarque. He *modestly* said, that the shade of JULIUS CÆSAR, jealous of Louis' achievements, came to Paris, and was repeatedly seen hovering round his statue, sighing and lamenting!

"Huc circumvolitans gemat ingens Cæsaris umbra."

It is rather fortunate for the cause of common sense, that prose is not privileged to be thus absurd!

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

THIS great, though truly eccentric, character visited England, remained several months in the metropolis, and, moreover, saw a good deal of the country. On his return to France, the Duke de CHOISEUL, and M. de PRASLIN, his relative and friend, went to see him, among other personages of distinction, who were anxious to know what

opinion the Philosopher had conceived of England, of her inhabitants, her laws and government, her liberty political, civil, and religious, &c. &c.—To the different questions he gave the following singular answers:

“From the very beginning of my voyage, I did not augur well of it's issue. I paid dearly for the curiosity, which led me to see England, by being *violently sea-sick*. On my landing, I found a very dirty town, and very clean people; the inside of the inn was as neat, as the *auberges* in France are in general filthy. As it was in the morning I landed, I ordered breakfast, and, in less than three minutes, a yellowish kind of potion, which, by an English metaphor, is called *coffee*, was served up to me; it was impossible to drink it, so I *amused* myself with the *toast*, an article in which, I believe, the English will for ever stand unrivalled; a foreigner may be enterprising enough to attempt to make *toast*, but he will fail in the bold undertaking;

.....“Ut sibi quivis

Speret idem; sudet multùm frustrà quæ laboret

Aut idem.”

For that English *breakfast*, however, I paid something more, than I would have done for an excellent *dinner* in France—but n'importe; I was not in France.. I proceeded from Dover to London,

I remarked that several of the streets of the British Metropolis were very fine, that is to say, wide and straight, with flags for foot-passengers; but the houses, which are of vulgar *brick*, and many of *wood*, can never bear a comparison with the splendid and solid edifices of Paris, in which every order of architecture is scientifically displayed.

As for the English, with the exception of some who have travelled, ("ce sont les hommes les plus inabordables de la terre") they are the most *inaccessible* of men: the females of that country affect to be still more so,—but the scandalous Chronicle says, that it is only *affectation*;—of this, however, I am not a competent judge.

Like DRACO'S LAWS, those of England are written in *blood*. Fifty or sixty people are executed in London, alone, communibus annis; and more persons die by the sentence of the law in England in general, than in all the rest of the world put together! This proves either that there are more villains in that country, or that the Laws have been enacted by bloody-minded men—Non datur medium. While I was in the English Capital, a *female* was burnt alive for having counterfeited five or six shillings, while her male accomplices made their exit in a less horrible way—*by the rope*—"en vérité, ce n'est pas être galans, messieurs les insulaires;" there is a want of gallantry there, gentlemen islanders.

The Government of England, as it is, is not less a faction, than the party that is opposed to it, though it contain in itself all the principles of excellence; but *corruption* has completely corroded its vitals.

Englishmen enjoy what may be termed ideal political liberty, but their civil liberty is respected more than in any other country; with respect to Religion, however, Persecution is called *Liberty of Conscience*, for those, who are not of the established communion, live in a great measure as *aliens* in the land of their birth, being ipso facto, disqualified from holding any office under Government. As for the CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, they are hunted like *mild beasts*, under the auspices of *Philosophy*! "Notandi sunt tibi mores."

This fragment I copied from the common-place book of the Abbé PRABLIN, Canon of St. John's, at Lyons, who had it from the Duke de CHOISEUL himself.

~~—~~

VOLTAIRE'S BRAVERY.

I SHALL ever consider it as an honour to have been presented to this literary *Nestor*. I was very young when a friend procured me that gratification; he was a nobleman of distinguished rank, and, at that

time, a captain of dragoons. The oracle of Fernay said much about the Art Military, and greatly commended the magnanimity of those who braved every danger, and *death* itself, for their country's honour and advantage. "Now, gentlemen," exclaimed he, emphatically, "I was once invited to hear the *music of the cannon*, but, as I am not ever fond of *martial airs*, I shall tell you how I got off. I was solicited by Marshal the Duke of Brunswick to accompany him to the field of glory. I did not feel myself equal to the toils of war; I therefore coolly and deliberately gave him this answer.—'My Lord Duke, I beg permission to offer a double apology for declining the splendid honour of attending you; I am, in the first place, apprehensive (having so little of the warrior in my composition) that I should follow the example of HORACE at Philippi, and run away from my sword, as he did from his shield: (*relictâ non bene parvula* :) My second reason for not being of your suite is, that I am anxious to remain far from the din of battle, for the very gratifying purpose of singing your Grace's exploits with greater effect."

By this it appears that,

....."Books had spoil'd him,
For all the learn'd are cowards by profession,"

CHARITY.

I was acquainted with a worthy clergyman, in Ireland, who had been long an officer of cavalry in his Majesty's service. This gentleman was possessed of many solid and social virtues, but he unfortunately too often interlarded his conversation with certain interjections, vulgarly denominated *cursing and swearing*, and to which captains of horse are more subject than other people: He would say, for instance, "I believe the Devil's in the fellow, I never see him at church;" "Curse him, he has no religion," &c. &c. All this, to be sure, was neither very orthodox, nor strictly in unison with the gravity of his gown, but then the "*quo animo*" would naturally divest his language of all its malignity, for his intentions were so immaculate, that an angel would not disavow them.

He had, one Sunday, to preach a charity-sermon for the support of *fifty female orphans*, and made choice for his text of that passage of PAUL to the Corinthians, in which the great Apostle emphatically declares, that, without Charity, the love of God, and the love of our neighbour—all other virtues are unavailing:

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing!"

The discourse was piously and classically conducted to the peroration, which concluded with the following energetic apostrophe:

“Now, Christian brethren, were you, *individually*, as learned, and as well-versed in sacred lore as a new-fledged A. M. imagines himself to be; as abstemious as an Anchorite; as fond of saying your prayers as the Archbishop of the province, unless you have CHARITY, I would not give a *d—n* for you *collectively*!”



COLD AS CHARITY.

THE GREEK, who, in QUINTUS CURTIUS, harangues his companions, in order to dissuade them from returning home to Greece, after having been severely treated by Fortune, was well acquainted with the human heart, when he exclaimed: “He, who relies much on the commiseration of his relatives, knows not, that tears are soon dried up, and that people do not long love those, whom they despise; that misfortune is querulous, and felicity overhearing; that every one consults his own private interest, while he is deliberating on that of another; and be convinced, that, were we not all equally unfortunate, we should long since have been insupportable to each other.” “Qui multum in suorum misericordiâ ponunt, ignorant quam celerrimè lachrymæ

D

inarescant. Nemo fideliter diligit, quem fastidit; nam et calamitas querula est, et superba felicitas; ita suam quisque fortunam in consilio habet, cum de alienâ deliberat; et nisi mutuo essemus miseri, olim alius alii potuissemus esse fastidio."



THE FLEA

HAS been long an object of extraordinary curiosity among *antiquarians*. It has been *proved* by the British *cognoscenti*, that this *nimble* traveller partakes of the nature of a *Lobster*, as when well boiled, it becomes of a fine red. This is a fact no longer to be disputed, having been, *ex demonstratis et demonstrandis*, more than abundantly ascertained.

ARISTOPHANES, in his comedy of "The Clouds," introduces SOCRATES and CHEREPHON measuring the leap of a flea from the beard of one to that of the other. Now, that circumstance stands in need of further explanation; nor would it be any derogation from the laudable labours of the British Society to examine the question, and to pronounce, "*en dernier ressort,*" on—

"What SOCRATES and CHEREPHON
In vain assay'd so long ago."

DEAN SWIFT AND THE SALMON.

THIS extraordinary genius, though a dignitary of the Church, was far from being in opulent circumstances; and it is well known, that, had he been naturally inclined to be generous, Fortune denied him the means of indulging in such a propensity. The Dean, therefore, was not a favourite among the servants of the families which he visited; for they all ascribed to avarice and penury, his apparent want of generosity towards them on every occasion, when they had performed any act of civility, or duty for him.

Lady MARY LAMBERT, of the illustrious House of Cavan, one day sent a servant with a fine fresh salmon, as a present to the Reverend Dean. The domestic went with much reluctance, but with an intent, if possible, to get something for his trouble. The Dean saw him coming, and went beyond the door to meet him.—“What have you got there, Dennis?” said he.—“This is the day,” said the footman, “that her Ladyship is sending presents to all the *poor people* in the country, and here is a salmon for *you*.” The Dean, who was a proud man, felt hurt at receiving such a message, and, in an angry tone, said, “It was impossible that Lady MARY LAMBERT, a lady of the most courtly manners, could have sent such a vulgar

message." "Well," asked the servant, "what do you think she bid me say?" "Give me the basket," said the Dean, "and I'll tell you what her Ladyship ordered you to tell me." Dennis handed the basket.—"Go," continued his Reverence, "said Lady MARY to you, and present my very best respects to the Dean; tell him I hope he will do me the favour to accept this fine salmon." "Well said, by J—s," exclaimed Dennis, "you would make an excellent footman, and, as you deserve encouragement, here's half a guinea for your trouble."

The Dean, not a little astonished at the man's effrontery, took the money, went into the house, soon returned again, and handed the servant a guinea, saying, "You'll not lose by the exchange, Dennis; now, present the expression of my gratitude to Lady MARY, and tell her Ladyship, that I know not which to admire most, her kindness, your individual impudence, or your sterling wit."

This anecdote was communicated to me, in Ireland, many years ago, by a gentleman who had it from the great Dean himself.

THE LATIN LANGUAGE

Is the natural idiom, and, as it were, the key of the sciences, which also opens the sanctuary of erudition. A foreign writer, who has written much,

and well, in Latin, declares, that, in his opinion, all public inscriptions should be composed in that tongue. The following are the arguments which he adduces in support of his system. "Glory," he contends, "never humbles itself so far, as to become too familiar with the vulgar: it likes to pass through the medium of persons of quality, and of science, in order afterwards, (should it be deemed necessary,) to descend by insensible degrees to the lowest and most ignorant order of the community." "Gloria," the text says, "non se tantum demittit; non eò usque abjicit, ac veluti prosternit, ut vili popello se primum committat; amat illa nobilium, et eruditorum per manus hinc, si necesse, descendere ac prolabi gradatim."

Now, I understand all this to mean, that only persons of a liberal education are entitled to the distinction of comprehending inscriptions on public monuments, and that from them alone it should descend to the populace.

VOLTAIRE, on the other hand, says, that there can be nothing more ridiculous than to write in Latin; "in a language," he says, "of which we cannot pronounce, perhaps, a single word agreeably to the rules of the Roman prosody." In this the French wit is powerfully supported by St. AUSTIN, who lived among the Romans, and who, of course, was familiar with their mode of pronunciation. This great and learned man, this luminary of

Christianity states, in some part of his works, that whoever, in reading this verse of VIRGIL—

“Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris”—

should pronounce *primis* for *primus*, (is being long, and *us* short,) would be considered as a *barbarian* for thus offending against prosody! Whose ear, amongst us, is sufficiently delicate to perceive the difference?



THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE French are much more correct in their dramatic exhibitions than the English: they are more attentive to the business of the scene, and to the minutiae of the drama; they keep up the illusion better. A French performer will never allow his eyes to stray, even for an instant, about the house; he supposes himself to be only in company with the interlocutors. Is he applauded? he pauses, but does not bow: is he *encored* in a song? (*bis* is the technical expression with them,) he sings it again. Is this not “holding the mirror up to Nature?” *Per contra*, I have more than once noticed a female tragedian, on the London boards, making an appointment with her gallant *on her fingers*, and that during the most interesting and pathetic scene of the performance!

As there are, comparatively, but few comedies on the English stage, which are not compiled *secundum artem*, from the French theatre, it is a matter of some astonishment, that we did not also import *les bienséances de la scène*, as well as the scenes themselves.

BLACKGUARDS!

It is really astonishing with what a degree of *sang froid* and forbearance, *John Bull* puts up with the *palpable* impertinence of one fellow, while he directs all his thunders against another wight, even before he takes the smallest liberty with him. The *blackguard from Dublin* is not only allowed to take his Majesty's subjects *by the nose*, but is paid in sterling money for the *protrusion*; whereas the other *blackguard*, who usually resides in Paris, is assailed with all the artillery of England, if he presume even to look at *John's* coast!—The *dilettanti* in *snuff* will make the application.

ITALIAN WIT.

LUIGI ALAMANNI went to reside in France during the reign of FRANCIS I. and wrote a Poem, "*On the Eagle*," against the Emperor CHARLES V.

in which the following idea was greatly applauded by the French :

.....“ L'Aquila grifagna
Che, per più divorar, duoi rostra porta.”

This was very cavalierly making a destructive bird of prey of the Imperial ~~Eagle~~, nay, a kind of monster, having two heads and two bills, in order to enable it to devour it's victims more effectually.

Those Monarchs soon after concluded a treaty of peace, and ALAMANNI was appointed Ambassador to the court of Vienna. In a set speech, he harangued the Emperor, and frequently making use of the word *aquila*, he attributed to that Prince all the wonderful qualities ascribed to the eagle; just however, as the Ambassador was concluding his peroration, CHARLES, looking him full in the face, repeated

.....“ L'Aquila grifagna
Che, per più divorar, duoi rostra porta;”

and ALAMANNI, without being in the least disconcerted, answered, that he, at the period alluded to, spoke the language of poetry, and in his harangue that of the representative of a great king. “ *Poets*,” said he, “ have high authority for dealing in *fiction*, but *Ambassadors* are models of *veracity*.”

LITERATURE.

"Angels are painted fair to look like you!"

THIS line and sentiment have been long admired, often repeated, and not frequently misapplied. That it is *verse*, and correctly metrical, cannot be denied; and that the jingle, caused by the alliteration, is far from being disagreeable to the ear, is equally true; but, as to the sense, it savours more of an Italian *conceit*, than of standard English poetry; a silly idea poetically expressed.

How different, and how much more beautiful, as well as in unison with nature, is the following *tirade* from "The Impostor," by BROOKE, the author of "Gustavus Vasa," &c. A most chaste writer, but who is not sufficiently known.

Zaphna, in answer to his cherished *Palmyra*, whom he considers as the daughter of *Mahomet*, after hearing from her own lips, that it would be better to die a thousand deaths together, than ever to part again, exclaims:

....."Part! no, Palmyra!
That hope makes all my happiness on earth,
In death my comfort, and my Heaven hereafter.
Well did the faith of thy foreseeing father
Fill up his blest eternity with love:—
Then as my fair Palmyra stood before him,
He caught the vision of celestial beauty,
And drew his future Paradise from thee!"

D 5

No wonder then, that *Palmyra* should have answered, "Delightful flattery!" and no wonder, that *Angels who are painted fair to look like*—MORTALS, should hide their diminished heads.

TRANSLATIONS.

It is not an easy task to translate correctly. To transfuse the spirit of an excellent original is next to be the author of the composition; for which reason, we seldom see what, in a classical sense, is considered a good translation. To draw a perfect likeness, is to *translate* a face in a happy manner; and we find more good translators with the *brush* than with the *pen*. Some of our most favourite writers have failed most completely in their translations from modern languages: Doctor SMOLLET, for instance, had the misfortune to attempt *Gil Blas*, and his misconception of the author is observable in every page; nay, in almost every period of the work.

An incorrect translation is like a piece of rich tapestry, exhibited on the *wrong side*; the figures appear, to be sure, but in such a grotesque garb, that they can scarcely be known for the same; they look like very awkward sketches of a well-designed original,—or to take up another metaphor, they re-

semble these exquisite essences, the subtle perfume of which evaporates, while they are pouring from one vase into another.

PLAGIARISM.

THERE were *kidnappers* in Rome, as well as in London and Paris; and those who were convicted of *stealing the children of other people*, were emphatically called *plagiaries*, "*quia plagis cædebantur*," because they were whipped for the theft. The word *plagiarism* is now only applied to *literary kidnappers*.

VOLTAIRE says, that there is no more harm in making free with the idea of an author, than there is in lighting one candle by another. It is true, a magnet conveys it's virtue without injuring it's essential power; and HORACE tells us somewhere, that by giving a *new face* to an old thought, we make it completely our own: to which let us add, "*nil sub sole novi*," which may be thus paraphrased, "Whatever is said or written now-a-days, was said or written in a different manner two thousand years ago, with the sole exception of what has appeared in consequence of discoveries and improvements in the arts and sciences."

D 6

SENeca puts the following words into *Helen's* mouth.

“Prima mors miseris fugit.”

Death, he makes her say, is the first to refuse it's assistance to the unhappy. It was on the occasion of *Andromache's* recovering from her swoon, after it was thought she had expired on hearing that the Greeks intended to sacrifice *Polyxene* on the tomb of *Achilles*.

Does not BOETIUS say the same thing in different words, and on a different occasion?

“Et scates oculos claudere sava negat.”

Death is so cruel, that, when it sees eyes, which are open only for the purpose of shedding tears, it refuses to close them.

TASSO says it is a most unfortunate circumstance, not to have it in one's power to die—it is being helpless!

“Mà ben può nulla, chi morir non puote.”

PETRARCH had the same idea long before Tasso:

“Che ben può nulla, chi non può morire.”

POPE and BOILEAU may be said to have run the same literary career: both were blessed with an admirable talent for versification; but it is firmly believed, by the best judges, that BOILEAU's “*Art Poétique*,” is infinitely superior to the “*Essay on Criticism*,” of the English Bard. Three circum-

stances concur to render the French poem peculiarly interesting—the difficulty of the undertaking, the beauty of the verses, and the acknowledged utility of the work. BOILEAU, not satisfied with correcting poets by his opportune criticism, instructs them by his precepts, and from him the orator, as well as the poet, “*mutatis mutandis*,” derives a vast fund of professional information. POPE is, no doubt, considerably indebted to HORACE, whom he has laid under no light contribution in his “*Essay on Criticism*,” but more glaringly so in his “*Essay on Man*,” which contains, in a different shape, and dress, every moral thought that is found scattered through HORACE’s works. BOILEAU, though a Frenchman, disdained to deny or disguise the source whence he drew his lore. He not only borrows the *ideas* of the great lyric Roman, but, as far as the phraseology of the Latin and French idioms allows, the very *words*, which will appear from the few following quotations :

“C’est en vain qu’an Parnasse un téméraire auteur
Pense de l’art des vers atteindre la hauteur,
S’il ne sent point du ciel l’influence secrète,” &c.

Thus does BOILEAU’s “*Art Poétique*,” begin with Horace’s leading precept, paraphrased—

“Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ”—

“Do not attempt poetry, if you do not possess a poetical genius.”

"Et consultez long-tems votre esprit et vos forces,"
is an elegant and laconic translation of

"Sumite materiam vestris, quid scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diù, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri," &c.

"Select a subject which suits your talents, and consider
beforehand the extent of your powers."

"Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis," &c.

is poetically turned, nay, is much improved by this
version :

"Et ne vous chargez point d'un détail inutile;
Tout ce qu'on dit de trop est fade et rebutant:
L'esprit rassasié le rejette à l'instant;
Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais écrire."

"Let whatever you say be succinct, as what is superfluous
is unworthy of being retained; he who cannot set limits
to his thoughts, is incapable of writing."

In fine, BOILEAU's *plagiarisms* do infinite honour
to his individual judgment, while they reflect additional lustre on the memory of the sublime original, whose ideas he has taken up, and made use of.

Who is the man, that would not awake envy,
if he could boast of being so successful a *plagiary*
as VIRGIL proved himself to be?

Who would not be proud to have written the
concluding scenes of *Zaïre* in French, though it be

self-evident that VOLTAIRE imitated them, in his best manner, from OTHELLO?

Is there a single scene in MOLIERE's comedies, which does not enrich the English drama? What would become of the arts and sciences, if *plagiarism* and *ignorance* were to be considered as synonymous expressions.

NONSENSE!

THERE are antiquarians in *words*, as well as in medals, decayed busts and urns, old and almost *invisible* pictures, the ruins of a circus, of a tomb, or of a prostrate temple.

All that can be said about this is, that it perfectly corresponds with the title of the article; and that it is a pity the English language should lend itself so much to such trifling. Monkish Latin was not free from the same abuse.

If the English adjective *blunt* be derived, as some of the *diletanti* pretend, from the Latin *flavus* (yellow), it must be in a very curved line, and it requires no small portion of etymological powers and credulity to think it possible. There are some, who derive the family name of *Jackson* from *Jason*, which, in my opinion, would be as difficult to demonstrate, as it was for the son of *Æson* to under-

take and succeed in the conquest of the golden fleece; nor would it be very easy to prove, that the respectable family of the *Bourchiers* is a corruption of the royal name of *Busyris*, monarch of Egypt! In the opinion of some, the English are called *Angli* in Latin, because they are good *Anglers*!

ALEXANDER NEQUAM (*nequam* means *wicked* in Latin), a clergyman of great learning, born at St. Alban's, and desirous to enter a monastery, to make atonement in sackcloth and ashes for a very libidinous life, wrote the following line to the Abbot:

"Si vis, veniam; sin autem, tu autem."

"If you like it, I will come; but if you don't, come yourself."

The answer, alluding to the name of the Priest, was equally laconic:

"Si bonus sis, venias, si Nequam, nequaquam."

"If you are good, come; but if you are good for nothing, I desire you to stay where you are."

In consequence of this learned *billet doux*, NEQUAM changed his name into NECKHAM; but we are not told whether he altered his conduct.

Doctor MAGNUS was a foundling, born at Newark-upon-Trent, and called by the people "*Tom among us*," for want of a better name. In process of time, his education having been attended to, he opened a grammar-school in the place of his nativity, and

by his abilities and perseverance rendered it a celebrated seminary; he changed his name with his circumstances, and called himself *MAGNUS*, by which appellation he was ever afterwards distinguished at different courts, where he figured as the representative of his sovereign.

Some *strewd* Latinists derive the name *Mercury* (the postman of the celestials) from "*quasi medius currens Deos inter et homines*," as the go-between the gods and men! *O altitudo!!!!*—en vérité, c'est pousser les choses un peu trop loin.

The *learned* are *not* agreed about the etymology of the word *puppy*. Some say, that it is derived from the Latin substantive *puppus*, a *scurvy boy*; while others, equally lettered and well-informed, contend, that we owe it to the French word *poupeté*, a *doll*, a *blockhead*, or a *paper-skull*.

The family of *DUNCOMBE* in *Suffolk* (better known in former days by the name of *Duncombe le petit*) held their estate by a very singular tenure, namely, "*per saltum et pettum, sive bumbulum*," that is to say, for giving a *hop*, *step*, and a *jump*, and doing that in the King's presence (which the word *pet* signifies in French) during the Christmas holidays! For farther information, inquire of the *Swinish Multitude*.

INFERNAL LATIN.

WHEN the *Devil* condescends to speak *Latin*, he expresses himself, it seems, *poetically*, but, in some sort, like most people of rank in our own nether world, obscurely. BERTHOLD SCHWARTZ consulted that personage, and requested instructions how to destroy mankind in a more expeditious manner, and so as to inspire the world with dread and apprehension.—The following was the oracle delivered on the occasion :

“Vulcanus gignat, pariat Natura, Minerva
 Edoceat, nutrix Ars erit atque Dies.
 Vis mea de nihilo, tria dent mihi corpora pastum :
 Sunt soboles strages, vis, furor atque fragor.”

Englished in humble prose.

“Let Vulcan prepare the engine ; let Nature do her part as well as Ingenuity ; Art and Time shall be joint nurses : I derive my energy from no one single thing, for my aliment is a composition of three : my effects are destruction, violence, ungovernable fury, and thundering explosion.”

The monk had the engine cast, into which he put his composition of *saltpetre* and *brimstone*, added a ball, and set fire to the whole, *pro bono publico*.

DIANA's temple at Ephesus was burnt on the night that the great ALEXANDER was born. A wit of the day exclaimed on the occasion, “No wonder, for the Goddess was absent at the accouchement

of Olympia." CICERO considered this as a very witty saying; whereas TACITUS hints, that the individual who uttered it, was but a solitary remove from a fool.

DEMOSTHENES was not at all surprised, that gold should always look *pale*; "because," said the great Orator, "*there are so many people continually running after it!*"

CICERO, perceiving a man of celebrated forensic talents, whose neck was greatly swollen, said to a friend, "You see how he is punished for his *inflated* harangues!"

From this specimen, it may be inferred, that the most eminent men of antiquity did not excel in saying good things. *They were at best good Courtiers.* *Herodotus*
B. 3. 2. Ch. 31 and 32.

When STEPHEN GARDINER was promoted to the See of Winchester, and sent ambassador to France in the greatest pomp, he said to an old acquaintance who came to take leave of him, "Now I am in my *gloria Patri*."—"Yes," said his friend, "and I hope, *et nunc et semper*." "Or," replied the Bishop, "if it please the king, my master, *sicut erat in principio*, a poor scholar of Cambridge once more."

In the reign of our Fourth HENRY, money was so scarce with some, and others were so unwilling to part with it, that the taxes could not be levied, except upon the middling class: a gambler of the day composed the following distich on the occa-

sion, closely adhering to the technical expressions of his calling, as was written at the time :

*"DEUS AB non possunt et SINE SINE solvere nolunt ;
Est igitur natum, CATER TRA solvere totum."*

ARISTOTLE seriously says, that the nature of a *bean* is perfectly similar to that of man ; and that if one be inclosed, for a few days, in a bottle, hermetically confined, it will become *flesh and blood*. In this fighting age, the experiment is worth trying, for the purpose of recruiting our armies, and effectually providing for posterity, without being *troublesome* to the ladies. MILTON, angry with women, wished the world could be peopled without their co-operation.

Father HARDOUIN, a very learned Jesuit, contends *mordicus*, that the *Æneid*, and the book called *Horace*, were written by monks in the thirteenth century. *Æneas*, according to this Reverend Priest, is the *MESSIAH* ! and *Lalage*, HORACE's kept-mistress, he tells us with all imaginable gravity—*represents the religion of CHRIST* !

A Doctor, of great revolutionary notoriety, was firmly of opinion, that all the men and women (the *Pra-adamites* not excepted) who ever crawled upon the face of the globe, could most easily be marshalled in *open order*, within the space which *Yorkshire* includes ! The cautious Doctor, however, has not informed his friends *how many deep* he intended

to draw up the defunct human race, a circumstance, which an able Captain-General should never omit in his instructions, to those who command under him! This idea of the Doctor is not, however, more absurd, than his notions on the French Revolution were ridiculous and wicked; and I think that he would have found it not less a *mootpoint* to demonstrate to the world, that the followers of ROBERSPIERRE, and of MARAT, were the quintessence of virtue, and that Frenchmen were, *by nature*, the best qualified to diffuse the spirit and blessings of Liberty over the globe, which they were busy in *regenerating*, than to convince people of common sense, that the *four Ridings* could contain all that ever breathed of the human species! *Il vaut mieux ne rien dire, que de dire des riens!*

It is only since the French conquered the Netherlands, that the following momentous *Thesis* has ceased to be discussed, as a theological question:

“*Utrum umbilicum habuerit Adam?*”

“*Had our first father a navel?*”

However absurd this may be, no Priest could obtain his degree in the University of Louvain, without giving satisfaction on that most important case!

I was, myself, acquainted with a young Clergyman in Paris, of the name of ROYER, who, through dint of reading, was worn to a skeleton, and con-

sidered one of the most profound scholars in the University. He had to undergo a very arduous examination for the degree of Licentiate in Divinity, and he studied night and day, in order to distinguish himself. His talents were well known to the Doctors who were appointed to examine him.

The first question which was put to him was,

“Had Toby’s dog a tail?”

To which he, with an angry and disappointed look, answered

“To be sure he had, or he could not have wagged it, in joy of his master’s return.”

The second Doctor wished to know from him of what size St. PAUL was, and received the following answer :

“CHRYSOSTOM, a great Father of the church, informs me, that PAUL was three cubits high.—*Tricubitalis ille tamen ascendit* ;” and I have the honour to inform you, Gentlemen, that I will not answer any more such silly and degrading questions.”

The board of examiners consulted together for a few minutes, when the President thus addressed the young candidate :—“Sir, we are well convinced of your talents, and we now invite you to the study of a great professional virtue—*Humility*, with which you do not seem to be in the smallest degree acquainted. The erudite *Abbé*, for that time, returned to his seminary *re infectâ*, and at the

commencement of the revolution, entered the army, and was killed in the plain of Cisoign by a British ball.

A CHAPTER SUI GENERIS.

THERE are families, that have been *fools* ever since the conquest; and among them I do not hesitate to rank those silly fellows of condition, who, degenerating as much as they can from the character of *Gentlemen*, assimilate themselves to grooms, stage-coachmen, boxers, and the very dregs of society. What a *becoming* piece of machinery in an elegant and accomplished Lady's bed-chamber, is a Gentleman charioteer, who takes pride to himself for being unworthy of the rank to which he was born! See him driving his own coachman and postillions!

“ See his chief merit, see his noblest praise ;
 He drives a chariot in the dusty race !
 Disputes a prize unworthy of his hand,
 And is the sport of those he should command !”

LEVITY sits ill upon old age, but is natural to youth. The morose mortals who are ever carping at the pleasures of young folks, would, if they had the power, also deprive the year of it's *spring*.

Extract of a letter from a Lieutenant of the British Navy to his friends in England, dated Verdun, Oct. 12, 1810.

"THE French are the greatest set of villains upon earth. I have been now seven years among them, and, thank Heaven! I do not understand a single word of their *barbarous language*!"

THE lofty name PLANTAGENET derives from a very humble source; namely, from the circumstance of a young Prince wearing a *root of birch*—"*Planté à genté*"—in his *hat*. O! family pride.

HIBERNIAN SANG FROID.

I HAPPENED to come up with an Hungarian officer of Grenadiers, on the plains of Cateau-Cambresis after the total rout of the French; he was dreadfully wounded, and stretched in a dry ditch. I made him a sincere tender of my puny services in French, but I found he did not understand a word of that language; on noticing my dress, however, he answered me in English, saying, "My dear Sir, I am an Irishman, and I hate the French by instinct—don't think you have it in your power to relieve me, for I feel that I am mortally wounded."—His last words, while I, with a private of the 1st Guards,

was attempting to administer scanty relief to him, were

“Quæ caret ora cruore nostro ?”

“Where is the land which is not moistened with the blood of *Erin* ?”

VARIÉTÉS TELLES QUELLES.

OUR love for *novelty* may, perhaps, be thus accounted for : As man knows he is born for the grave, he cannot contemplate with pleasure whatever may remind him of decay, and point out to him his own inevitable fate : but he takes delight in seeing and admiring what has only started into existence, and presents to his mind cheerful ideas of perennial youth and of buxom life.

MAY we not say of intellectual productions what we often do of very delicate fruit, namely, that it is commonly either too green, or too ripe, and therefore difficult to serve up exactly in due season ? When *imagination* is in it's bloom, nay, in it's vigour, *judgment* is but half formed, and seldom reaches it's

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utmost point, until the other powers of the mind are retrograding. Thus in proportion as we acquire the faculty of *judging*, we lose that of delicate *imagination*.

THE SPEAKER of the House of Commons is a *figurative* character; he is so called *per antiphrasin*, because his prominent occupation is to *sit, see, and say nothing*.

ALL Religions, Christians excepted, acknowledge that matter is eternal!

A VERY beautiful woman, highly accomplished by the gifts of nature, and the acquirements of art, said to an officer of her acquaintance, whom she had not seen for several months, "It is quite a *miracle* to see you." The son of *Mars* gallantly answered, "Nay, but to see you, is to see quite a *miracle*!"

BEING in the Isle of Wight on duty, I became acquainted with a Lady, verging on the vale of years, who might be called, without the imputation

of flattery, a beautiful ruin of the Corinthian order. I one day presumed to express my astonishment at her being so enthusiastically wedded to the vulgar errors of *Methodism*. Her answer was prompt:—
 “My dear Sir, my heart was cast in the mould of *sensibility*, and I held a commission from Nature to be ever in love with something.”

BEFORE the union with Ireland, the natives of that country felt, that they were *flesh and blood*; but they now insist, that, since the political incest, they are only *skin and bone*.

THE *English* pretend, that Nature has made them of more exquisitely refined materials, than their neighbours. They say, that they can distinguish, while bathing, the difference between sea-water of various parts of the coast, but they will not allow the *Scots* and *Irish* to be so gifted!

This assertion appears to be nearly as well-founded, as that of the *Romans*, who would have it that a *pike caught between two bridges*, was infinitely superior in flavour, to one taken at the mouth of a river!

I AM always sorry to hear, that the King of England does not deliver his address to both Houses of Parliament, *vivâ voce*, and not like a school-boy reading his task. Were it otherwise, the people would derive satisfaction from the double circumstance of knowing, that their Sovereign could both compose an oration and pronounce it. The King's own expressions would carry much more weight with them, than the mercenary theme of, perhaps, a worthless minister. On this occasion, it is unpleasant to think, that the infamous NERO was the first of the CÆSARS, who degraded himself by resorting to *substituted eloquence*!

THE learned RAMUS was persecuted, prosecuted and tortured at Paris, for having published in one of his books, that the French knew not how to pronounce the letter *q*, particularly in the Latin word *quanquàm*, *although*—which they called, as if it had been *kankam*. For this high crime and misdemeanor, he was named an *innovator*, consequently an enemy to the existing Government.

This happened during the imbecile reign of HENRY III, when every barrier was opposed to the progress of reason.

**GLORY, MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS,
CHARACTERS, &c. &c.**

THERE are some subjects, which even the most eloquent do not undertake, without experiencing a greater or less degree of apprehension of not succeeding to the extent of their wishes. *Glory* is, perhaps, one of those delicate subjects. As heroic virtue is paramount to ordinary laws and maxims, it may run into such excess, as not to leave it in the power of words to describe its magnitude, nor of common imaginations to conceive its sublimity. There may be a kind of loftiness, which art cannot reach, and, perhaps, eloquence cannot express all that martial valour can achieve; eloquence, for instance, may have to record actions by far more noble and bolder than the figures which it can employ to celebrate them,—there then begins the difficulty.

It is with *Glory*, as with *Beauty*; a solitary fine feature does not constitute the latter; there must be an assemblage of regular lineaments. Thus a single exploit, however splendid in itself,

and as far as it goes, does not merit the name of *Glory*; there must be a collection of exploits.—*Glory*

“ Is that which kindles souls to great achievements ;
’Tis the price of danger, toil, and bloodshed ;
It warms the winter’s camp, and turns the flint
To a down pillow for a soldier’s head !
’Tis a being in the breast of others ;
’Tis the high prize, for which we die with pleasure,
Since *Glory* gives us to survive our fate,
And rise to immortality !”

There is an illegitimate species of *Glory*, which is the mere repetition of praise, lightly won: as it is not solid, it cannot be permanent, and may be said to depend entirely on the temper of the public mind, just as the repetition of *Echo* depends on the spot on which we stand.



AN ARMY

Is a vast body, the soul of which is composed of a world of conflicting passions, which a skilful leader turns to the advantage of his country, and of his prince. It is a motley concourse of men, who swear implicitly to obey the orders of their Chief, with whose ultimate intentions they are totally unacquainted: it is a multitude, consisting principally

of untutored beings, who, perfectly careless of their individual reputation, achieve prodigies, in order to establish and secure the fame of conquerors and of kings. In it are *libertines*, who need the stern law of martial discipline to keep them in check; *cowards*, who must be urged to battle; and *stiff-necked clowns*, who, in order to be rendered efficient, must be tamed and coerced into their duty.



ALEXANDER.

THE sentiments of this hero, when meditating future conquests after the subjugation of Asia, evince a splendid instance of greatness of mind, and of military eloquence.

"Do you imagine," (said he to his soldiers, as *Quintus Curtius* relates,) "that, after having, by force of arms, made myself master of two parts of the universe, I can cease to labour in the service of Glory, to which I have devoted my existence. 'Victor utriusque regionis videor ne vobis in excolendâ gloriâ, cui me uni devovi, posse cessare?' &c. No; for wherever I shall find an enemy to engage, there shall I consider myself on the theatre of the world, conferring celebrity upon the most obscure corner of the earth. If I be fated to end my career in the expedition, my destiny cannot but be glorious;

I am of a race that prefers resplendent fame to protracted years: I am also anxious indelibly to impress upon your minds, that we are now in a country, which the exploits of a woman have rendered for ever famous! What cities did SEMIRAMIS not found! What nations did she not subdue! What public works did she not cause to be constructed! ‘*Nondum fœminæ gloriam æquavimus, et jam nos laudis satietas cepit.*’ ‘We have not yet equalled a female in glory, and we already begin to be weary of acquiring it.’”

The following thought was eminently worthy of ALEXANDER's capacious mind: “*Ego me metior non ætatis spatio, sed gloriæ; non annos meos sed victorias numero; si munera Fortunæ benè computo, diù vixi.*” “I do not measure my life by the vulgar duration of time, but by the extent of my fame: it is the number of my victories, and not that of my years, which constitutes my being; and I may say that I have lived long enough, if I count my days by the favours which Fortune has showered down upon me.”

What determined resolution is manifest in the expressions of the Macedonian Chief, when, on his sick-bed, he learns that DARIUS is marching rapidly against him, formidable in numbers and flushed with hope. “Circumstanced as I am, neither slow remedies, nor timid physicians, will suit my purpose.”

"Vel mori strenuè, quam tardè convalescere mihi melius est; sciant me non tam morti, quàm bello remedium quærere." "It is much better for me to die bravely, than to remain long in a state of convalescence; I am not so solicitous about life, as about the success of my arms; and of this I wish the world to be apprized."

To allow but few virtues to the illustrious SON of PHILIP is an act of glaring injustice towards departed magnanimity, and greatly worthy of classical animadversion; for, "take him all in all," his greatness of soul has never been surpassed; nor was there ever a warrior, who took such delight in promoting the arts of peace among the nations who submitted to his arms. This hero caused more cities to be built, than the other Asiatic victors had laid prostrate; he greatly enlarged the boundaries of commerce, by ordering it to flow through a great variety of new channels in the vast empire which his valour had won; nor should it be forgotten, that he also opened a mart for philosophy, whence the mind derived an abundant fund of knowledge and consolation.

In order to judge fairly of ALEXANDER, it would be decorous to take into consideration his youth, his prejudices, his temptations, his education, (for ARISTOTLE urged him to the dignity of conquest,) the manners of the times, and very particularly, the

amazing success, which uniformly awaited on his professional undertakings. He had enlisted Fortune under his banners, and she guided him to victory : under such cheering auspices, what mortal would not be occasionally *rash* ? Nor can the Poet be accused of dealing much in fiction, when he puts these emphatical expressions into the mouth of the illustrious conqueror :

“ My arms a nobler victory ne’er gain’d ;
 And I am prouder to have pass’d that stream,
 Than that I drove a million o’er the plain.
 Can none remember ? Yes ! I know all must,
 When Glory, like a dazzling eagle, stood
 Perch’d on my beaver, in the Granick flood ;
 When Fortune’s self my standard trembling bore,
 And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore ;
 When the Immortals on the billows rode,
 And I, myself, appear’d the leading God ! ”

Nor is ALEXANDER more entitled to celebrity and praise for the splendid victories, which, *as a soldier*, he obtained over his enemies, than for that more solid one, which he, *as a magnanimous prince*, obtained over himself, when, respecting the virtue of the young consort of his great rival in arms, he set an example of continence, well worthy of imitation. The refined treatment which the mother of DARIUS, and all the other princely captives experienced, after their misfortune, will for ever reflect honour on the character of the conqueror ;

for high-wrought humanity is the brightest gem that can adorn the wreath which encircles the warrior's brow.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND CATO.

It required the magic touch of the pencil of SALLUST to portray the parallel of two heroes, in whose respective characters there existed the most variegated shades of difference.

"They both appeared," says he, "equal in every thing; they had individually to boast of illustrious descent; they were of the same age, their eloquence was in the same degree conspicuous; they were equal in magnanimity, as well as in point of fame; but notwithstanding this remarkable coincidence of advantages, each had his peculiarity of excellence. His *genus, ætas, eloquentia æqualia fuere; magnitudo animi par, item gloria, sed alia alii,*" &c.

"CÆSAR was distinguished for his liberality and magnificence, CATO for the sanctity of his manners; one won the esteem of all by his kindness and the urbanity of his disposition, while the other was revered for the austerity of his morals; CÆSAR acquired fame by doing good, by promoting the cause of humanity, and by generously forgiving

those who had injured him; the inflexibility of CATO's nature attracted general admiration. One was the refuge of the unfortunate, the other the scourge of the wicked; it was equally impossible not to think highly of the affability and amiable propensities of the former, as not to applaud the determined resolution of the latter; in fine, CÆSAR was active, vigilant, nay, indefatigable, when he had to advance the interest of a friend, while he remained perfectly inattentive to his own private concerns. CÆSAR never refused whatever was worth giving away; he aimed at supreme dignity, he delighted in being at the head of an army, and, as soon as one war was terminated, he anxiously wished for another, in which he might indulge in his favourite pursuit. CATO, on the other hand, was of the most unassuming character, of the strictest probity, and very particularly wedded to the austerity of his maxims; he did not vie with the opulent in riches, with the factious in party-intrigues, but he contended in valour with the bravest, in simplicity of manners with the most modest, in integrity with the most exemplary of his fellow-citizens: and, above all, he was more anxious to be virtuous, than to appear so; thus the less he went in search of honour, the greater portion of it he was sure to obtain: "*Esse quàm videri bonus malebat, ità quò minùs Gloriam petebat, eò magis adsequebatur.*"

What CÍCERO says to CÆSAR, when he compares him to POMPEY, is at once an elegant compliment, and founded in truth: "We could count, and wonder while we counted, the wars, the victories, the triumphs, and the consulships of POMPEY, but yours are beyond calculation: he exceeded our ancestors, as much by the glory which he acquired, as you have surpassed him, and all others, in the importance and magnitude of your achievements." "*Cneii Pompeii bella, victorias, triumphos, consulatus, admirantes, numerabamus, tuos enumerare non possumus: tantò ille superiores vicerat gloriâ, quantò tu omnibus præstitisti.*"

The greatest admirers of LUCAN will not deny, that he indulges too extravagantly in the hyperbole; of this, perhaps, there cannot be a stronger proof, than his extraordinary paraphrase of CÆSAR's celebrated saying to the pilot, who, dreading the effects of the tempest, was unwilling to put to sea: "Heed not," says the epic poet, "the threats of the main, but boldly commit thyself to the fury of the winds; if thou art doubtful of making the coast of Italy, on account of the weather, thou hast only to sail under my auspices: the sole rational ground of apprehension, which thou canst have, proceeds from the circumstance of thy not knowing whom thou hast on board: set every sail, CÆSAR insures the ship that carries him! *A pelago defendet onus.*"

Is there not too much stiffness in the following

idea, (however beautifully and classically expressed by the same elegantly eccentric poet,) when CÆSAR, on seeing the bloody head of the great POMPEY, is thus unjustly represented—"As soon as he entertained no farther doubt of his death, and when he saw that there was no longer any danger in evincing kindness towards his son-in-law, he shed tears, but tears which 'did not flow naturally; his unambiguous joy made him utter groans and lamentations, convinced that he could not conceal his ecstasy in a more specious manner, than by affecting a great degree of grief:—

"Utque fidem vidit sceleris, tutumque patavit:

Jam bonus esse socer; lacrymas non spontè cadentes

Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto:

Non alitèr manifesta putans abscondere mentis

Gaudia, quàm lacrymis."

This savours too much of the Poet, and has nothing of the Historian in it; nor does it at all correspond with the respectable opinion, which people entertain of CÆSAR'S generous and open disposition, at once incapable of deceit, and scorning every thing like revenge. Is not the following plain prosaic story more to be credited than the bombastic notion of LUCAN? and is it not more consonant with the dignity of human nature, and the Hero's general character to believe, that, when CÆSAR landed at Alexandria, he learned, with infi-

site regret, the death of POMPEY, whose head was brought to him, together with a ring, which he used as a signet? "This mournful sight," says an esteemed author, "revived all the thoughts of former friendship, and drew unaffected tears from his eyes, making him avert his face with horror from the spectacle; he kept the ring, and instantly dismissed the messenger! After this, in order to show his respect to that illustrious man, he caused a magnificent sepulchre to be erected near the spot where he was murdered, with a temple, which he called "The Temple of Wrath." He afterwards ordered, to prove his generous and forgiving propensity, the statue of POMPEY to be set up again, on his return to Rome, which made CICERO say, "*that CÆSAR, by restoring POMPEY's statue, had secured his own.*"

CÆSAR was immoderately fond of dress, as SUTONIUS informs us, and attended too minutely to the decoration of his person:—"Circa curam corporis morosior; eratque munditiarum studiosissimus;" meaning that he was neat to an excess: he would give, according to the same author, any price for jewels, pearls, precious stones, and works of antiquity, "*et cujus etiam ipsam puderet;*" and so extravagant was he in that respect, that he was not unfrequently ashamed of his prodigality.

With due deference to the assertion of the great Roman Historian, might it not be asked, what

reason could imperial CÆSAR have for being ashamed of evincing his magnificence, and of holding out encouragement to trade and the arts? and as to the immortal Roman's personal neatness, and the splendour of his habiliments, had SÆTONIUS been himself a *military man*, he would have highly commended, instead of reproaching his memory for that very particular circumstance. The Historian would have known, that a warrior's dress must be always resplendent, and conspicuous; that the leader of an army is the true rallying point, in case of any temporary discomfiture; and that, unless he be remarkable for the lustre of his appointments, the troops cannot distinguish him. "*Fix your eyes upon my towering plume,*" said the great HENRY of France to his army, on the plains of Ivry; "*you will ever see it waving in the path of Glory.*"—XENOPHON and SÆTONIUS thought differently with respect to the splendour of military attire.

If we consider CÆSAR's character, either in the glorious capacity of a conqueror, or in his more private quality of an illustrious individual, we shall find abundant proofs, on which to establish his unequivocal claims to the first rank among generals, and among accomplished gentlemen; his valour and conduct, his knowledge and learning, his clemency and numerous social virtues, proclaim him the greatest man that Rome, the cradle of heroes,

ever produced, or that the world ever saw: to this also may be added, that, in the same proportion as the hero commands admiration, his enemies either excite horror, or fade into obscurity. Who, for instance, would not rather be CÆSAR than cowardly BRUTUS, who, smiling, stabbed his own, and the best friend of Rome; than BRUTUS, whose life he most mercifully spared, when he found him in the hostile ranks at Pharsalia?

Since the murder of TIBERIUS and CAIUS GRACCHUS, liberty was daily declining in Rome; the poor had ignominiously consented to be the abject slaves of the opulent; the senate was but a name; virtue was exiled from within its walls; it became the centre of profligacy, and the seat of corruption. And was it for such a degenerate people, for such a degraded senate, that great CÆSAR was to bleed, CÆSAR the only man qualified by his talents, and winning manners, to restore order to his distracted country? What extraordinary stretch of power was to be apprehended on the part of a man, eminently conspicuous for every mild and amiable propensity, for every heroic virtue, for every qualification, solid, brilliant, and estimable?

In the cabinet of LEOPOLD, late Archduke of Tuscany, was an unfinished bust of BRUTUS by the celebrated MICHAEL ANGELLO, who, in two Latin lines, happily imagined, and placed on the basis, declares, that when he thought of the crime, which

the original had perpetrated, he felt himself unequal to the task of giving the final touch to the work. Here is the distich, as it appears with the initials of the celebrated artist.

M. "Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit, *A.*
B. In mentem sceleris venit, et *F.* Abstinuit!"

DANTE, in his *Inferno*, places BARRUS and CASSIUS, with JUDAS ISCARIOT, in the great Devil's mouth, all three receiving the just punishment due to their treason.

The fame of JULIUS CÆSAR has survived him, and of him the poet of nature truly says, that

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—THIS WAS A MAN!"

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POMPEY.

WE have CICERO's authority for saying, that, if this Hero had died at Naples, when he was dangerously ill, he would have quitted the world with the reputation of having been the most fortunate man that ever lived: but a life, too long protracted, was the cause of his fatal exit; an exit ever to be deplored by every generous mind.

Had he died at the above period, he would not have entered upon a war with his father-in-law, and particularly without being prepared for such a serious event; he would not have quitted his home, run away from Italy, nor have fallen (after the defeat of his army) alone and defenceless, into the hands of wretched slaves, who murdered him; he would not have left his family in the most wretched condition; his wealth, immense as it was, would not have become the property of the conqueror: had he died sooner, he would have died in the lap of Glory. Still great POMEROY's fame survives him!

TAMERLANE.

LITTLE is known respecting the origin of this mighty conqueror: some call him the son of a Tartar soldier, while others contend, that his father was a shepherd; be that, however, as it may, he proved himself one of the greatest warriors that ever figured on the theatre of the world, as well as one of the most formidable scourges, raised up by Providence, for the purpose of chastising the rebellious nature of man.

Familiarized from his early years to blood and death, every spark of humanity, which he might otherwise have inherited from Nature, was extinguished in the bosom of TAMERLANE. His insatiable ambition, his intemperance of professional fame, made him callous to every gentle sentiment; and this savage hero, who would at all times have disdained a bloodless victory, was particularly implacable, when he found himself opposed by those of a sect, differing from that which he affected to espouse.

The following extract from a valuable manuscript in the king's library, at Paris, will place the monster's character in a correct point of view.

"This Tartar Chief appeared one day in hostile attitude before a city, of which the inhabitants entertained religious tenets different from those which he pretended to profess. He was determined to make a terrible example of the citizens, but wished to cover his infamy with the cloke of *moderation*. For form's sake, he hoisted a *white flag*, and had it announced to the inhabitants, that, if while it waved over his tent, (which he limited to an hour,) they surrendered at discretion, he would, in *the excess of his clemency*, spare their lives, contenting himself with giving up the city to plunder. The hour elapsed, and no tidings, significative of the surrender, reached the tyrant's camp; the *bloody flag* was then unfurled, proclaim-

ing, that TAMERLANE, in his wonted humanity, would grant another hour, but also that he would insist on having the chiefs of families *put to the sword*, for presuming to delay the surrender so long. This second summons proved unavailing, and the *black flag* was hung out, intimating, that indiscriminate slaughter awaited the besieged!

“ During the mournful interval of the three hours, the ill-fated inhabitants were employed in selecting a solemn deputation to wait on TAMERLANE, for the purpose of deprecating his wrath. All the aged men and women, all the children of both sexes, with their disconsolate mothers; all that was venerable, lovely, and innocent in the city, at length sallied forth, clad in the trappings of woe, through the gate which led to the camp. As soon as TAMERLANE perceived the interesting procession moving towards him, he mounted his fleetest horse, put himself at the head of thirty squadrons, commanded a charge, and literally trampled to death upwards of seven thousand unoffending men, women, and infants; while he ordered his infantry to level the devoted town with the ground, and bury the remaining inhabitants and garrison under its ruins!

“ After this act of, perhaps, unprecedented atrocity, the monster returned to his camp, and was met at the entrance of his tent by his Secretary, a *Genoese* by birth, and the only person he would

allow to take any liberties with him. This Secretary, was a *Christian*, and he addressed TAMERLANE as such: "Wretched man!" said he, "what hast thou been doing to-day?" "*MAN!*" answered the tyrant, "*I am not a MAN, but a PLAGUE, sent by God to chastise a wicked world; and when the object of my mission shall be accomplished, I shall be of all creatures the most powerless!*"

"In effect, after having dethroned the famed BAJAZET; after having possessed himself of all the territory from the coast of Smyrna to the banks of distant Ganges, it pleased Heaven to deprive TAMERLANE of his senses, and so far to humble him, that, while one slave held, another whipped him into obedience, like a child!

Happy would it have been for this conqueror, had he fallen in battle, after having evinced his martial spirit; but a lengthened life, in a career of successful villany, has branded his name with indelible ignominy, for nefarious actions have also their immortality. TAMERLANE outlived his fame!

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TAMERLANE ALTER!

THERE is another, a modern, a *living* TAMERLANE, who also deals in depopulating the universe, and in adding to the calamitous catalogue of widows and of orphans.

Awful pestilence! Devastation is in thy van! Terror hovers on thy flanks, and Solitude is in thy rear! Thy name, abhorred, is so emphatically associated with rapine and murder, that it becomes needless to point it out. Raving with the insanity of ambition, thou art ever in search of victims to pounce upon; the more illustrious, the deeper thou imbruest thy hands in their gore.—**D'ENGHUIEN, WRIGHT, PICHEGRU!!!**—Unacquainted with those charities, which connect the interesting family of man, thy every act is hostile to social order; lost, as thou art, to all the endearing blandishments of life, thou knowest of no fruition which does not derive from the effusion of human blood; thou impiously imaginest, that thou hast a charter, wide as air, for desolating the earth; in thy ensanguined progress, nations wither at thy presence, for thou art equally unsparing of sex, of infancy, and of helpless old age; with the rapidity of an inundation thou sweepest generations away, thou plague of the moral world!—There is, however, a terrestrial paradise, in which thou dardest not show thy unhallowed face, for thou knowest

“That Britain is a world within itself,
Imperial, independent; from the birth
Of nature set apart, fair, full, and free,
And all-sufficient ever; **BRITAIN** is
Another sea-born *Venus*, girt around
With her cerulean Cestus, her chaste zone,
Which **FRANCE** shall ne’er untie!

FRANCE, where every ear is accustomed to the accents of *sorrow*, and to the clank of *bondage*; where every face bears the seal of *oppression*; where *vice*, imperially and self-enthroned, declares interminable war against *liberty* and *virtue*.

The ungrateful subject may be dismissed by expressing a fervent wish, that this fiend in human form may long continue to be without *ships*, *colonies*, and *commerce*; that he may ever find Englishmen stationary at the post of Honour, opposing a Lacedæmonian wall of heroes to his attempts at subduing the soil of liberty; and that every individual in the United Kingdom may be impressed with this golden axiom—

“Never did a nation fall, till it first fell from Freedom.”



CHRISTIAN HEROES.

ABERCROMBIE and MOORE! illustrious men! Peace to your manes! you both lived long enough for your own glory; your fame being such, that it could admit of no accession: living you triumphed; you triumphed even in death, and chose the field of victory for your grave.

Your span of life, however, was by far too circumscribed for the essential interests of England, and your fall was a public calamity; a most lament-

able event; it occasioned a chasm, which is not likely soon to be filled up. It was of such renowned, departed heroes, as you, that DEMOSTHENES said, "*With them fled the very soul of Greece!*" In effect, *Alexandria* shall sooner pass away and be forgotten, than the splendid and substantial victory obtained under its walls, shall cease to grace the annals of the British Isles; and *Corunna* be no more, before the laurels, won in *Corunna's* plains, can wither! To you both is strictly applicable the epitaph, composed by SIMONIDES for the intrepid sons of Lacedæmon, who fell at *Thermopylae*:—"Traveller, who seest us here, go and tell at *Sparta* that we died upon this spot, in obedience to the sacred laws of our native land!"

Your death, however, your enviable, heroic death, will prove availing; the recollection of your virtues, moral, social, and professional, will stimulate present and future Britons to run the same career of glory, and to die with pleasure, after having, like you, fought and conquered for the land of their birth. Different from the two TAMERLANES, your fame survives you. "*Vivetis extento avo.*"

THE DUKE OF YORK.

THROUGH some unaccountable fatality, England may be said to have been without an army, from

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the conclusion of the Hanoverian, or seven years' war, until the fifth year of the French revolution, when a visible and progressive amendment, as if by magic power, took place, and entitled it to a proud rank among the best disciplined troops in Europe. It would be fulsome flattery to give the name of "AN ARMY" to an unwieldy concourse of men, necessarily ill-disciplined, from the fatal circumstance of their being ill-officered. Nor could it be otherwise, as the most barefaced profligacy prevailed throughout every military department. Whatever was connected with the army-establishment was, more or less, a dirty job, and a public robbery. Commissions were thrown away on persons unworthy of bearing them, or incapable of performing the duties which the letter and spirit of them religiously enjoined. *Boys at school*, smarting under the wholesome application of *birch*, were field-officers in the British army, and regularly received their daily pay, as a *just remuneration* for the important services which they were rendering to the State! The brother or relative of a *pretty prostitute*, was complimented with the command of a regiment, while the son of a low, but opulent *mechanic*, by the means of a bribe, saw himself at the head of a troop of horse, which he had neither the courage nor the abilities to lead against the enemy.—But it would be endless to enumerate the glaring vices, that prevailed in what

was, by an abuse of speech, called "THE ARMY," at the disgraceful period alluded to.

It was reserved for a Prince of lofty mind, and of martial disposition, to do away, and completely to eradicate those flagrant abuses of power, those blots in the escutcheon of Britain. It was an herculean labour, to be sure, but still within the sphere of the Prince's energies. We soon saw the *school-boys* left under the ferula of their pedagogues, and deprived of their commissions, which were given to deserving officers, who had eminently assisted in thinning the hostile ranks. No officer, however well recommended, was gazetted, until it appeared that his character and connexions were unexceptionable; only a certain, and that a comparatively small, number of commissions, per regiment, were to be purchased.—His Royal Highness was too jealous of the credit of his profession, to think it at all advisable *entirely* to explode the usage of selling commissions, which, independent of the sums that it threw into the public coffers, added much to the respectability of the army, by inducing people of rank and fortune to become officers. The deserving officer, who was without money, or parliamentary interest, was ever sure to find a patron in the person of the DUKE of YORK; the soldier, a refuge; his widow, a protector; and his forlorn offspring, a guardian. These are glorious titles, and, in the language of JUNIUS, "*they will wear well.*"

It was my lot to be taken prisoner during the long siege of *Valenciennes*; and I had the good fortune to be exchanged for a Captain of French Artillery, a very few weeks after, and antecedent to the surrender of that important fortress.

For reasons, which it would not become *me* to mention, His Royal Highness desired that I should no more expose myself to the enemy's rage; and was pleased, in his great goodness, to employ me in various civil capacities at his own head-quarters, where I remained during His Royal Highness's stay with the army; that is to say, until our retreat from French and Austrian Flanders, and Holland, was effected. During that trying period, I was not, I trust, an inattentive observer: and I can assert, challenging contradiction, that I never saw an individual quit the Prince's presence dissatisfied; for, when His Royal Highness could not with propriety accede to the request which was made to him, he possessed the very rare and amiable talent of softening down all the asperity of a refusal. The Duke of York was always affable to his officers, but never familiar with them; His Royal Highness could descend, but would never fall.

The conduct of the British Commander in Chief towards the ill-fated inhabitants of the wretched country, which, in it's turn, became the seat of war, was truly praise-worthy, and deserving of

imitation; he spared the peasantry, as he would have done the natives of his own country; he caused their property to be protected, and his camp became the asylum of the unfortunate.—Following the example of BELISARIUS, (as PROCOPIUS informs us,) the British Chief prevented the growing corn from being injured by the cavalry, or other provisions from being taken away without the consent of the owners, and without being paid for. “*Segetes, dum in agris maturescerent, diligentius tuebatur, ne fortè equorum greges has devasterent; frugesque, cæteras, invitis Dominis, suos attingere prohibebat.*”

It is a proud consideration for the army, that His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK is at the head of it.—This Prince has secured to himself the honest, but blunt appellation—of the *soldier's friend*; an honourable distinction, with which flattery has not any thing to do; and, perhaps, as resplendent a gem in his professional wreath, as any that glitters in the hereditary escutcheon of the illustrious House of BRUNSWICK.

Before the accession of the DUKE of YORK to power, the army was a body without a soul; but His Royal Highness happily discovered the means of infusing such an abundant portion of life into it, that it is now, *and to the enemy's knowledge and cost*, a most efficient army, ever victorious, though opposed to superior numbers, ever compelling success to await on it's honourable exertions, and proving

to the Continental Powers, that they merit annihilation for their want of mind and energy !

By the uninterrupted correspondence carried on between His Royal Highness and the Generals commanding districts, as well as with Officers commanding regiments and corps, the minutiae of the service reach the Horse-Guards ; and as soon as an abuse is ascertained, an immediate remedy is applied. The public and private conduct of the officers of the army being, at stated times, reported to the Commander in Chief, His Royal Highness has an opportunity, and avails himself of it, of knowing what officer merits promotion, and who is undeserving of encouragement in the profession. All this requires never-ceasing labour and exertions, and it is by dint of industry and regularity, that His Royal Highness has been able to *create* an army, in every point of view invincible.—But the panegyric of the Duke of YORK is best read in the victories which the armies of his *creation* have obtained in Egypt, Portugal, and Spain !

The merit of His Royal Highness is not similar to that of other individuals, whose excellence is so much vaunted, but whose qualifications are like unto those ingenious perspectives, which derive advantage from their being seen at a distance : he is a *sun*, whose rays become weak in proportion as they diverge from the centre of light, but who, the nearer we approach him, the more he warms, the more he shines, the more he dazzles, the more he gratifies.

On account of my being acquainted with the continental languages and usages, His Royal Highness commissioned me to superintend the prisoners of war at his head-quarters, until an opportunity should present itself of marching them to the grand *dépot*. The instructions which I received from the Commander in Chief, through his private Secretary, the late Major-General HEWGILL, on my taking upon myself the important trust, were such as became the leader of an army belonging to the most civilized nation in the world.

“Be particularly attentive to the sick and wounded prisoners, and report the surgeons who do not attend them regularly. When, as it sometimes happens, there are females *in uniform*, take care to separate them from the soldiers, and sign a requisition for private quarters for them, until we can send the poor deluded creatures back to their own homes. Let every thing be done, that possibly can be done, for the comfort of the privates and non-commissioned; but be extremely attentive, that the officers experience, as far as the circumstances of war will allow, every indulgence. Give to all their bread and pay every four days; make out a requisition for pots and kettles, and let them be provided with spoons and knives; in fine, do not lose sight of the *man in the vanquished enemy*!”

These sentiments were perfectly in unison with my own, and I take delight in recording them, as

they form a pointed contrast with the ignoble, barbarous conduct of the Austrians towards the prisoners, whom the chance of battle threw into their hands: but Austrian officers, with the exception of a few, are not half-humanized; and I have seen the unfortunate prisoners shed bitter tears, when I received orders to transfer them to our untutored allies, who understood no other argument, but that which proceeded from an indiscriminate, wanton use of the *cane*.

When the execrable ROBERSPIERRE and COMPEERS issued the decree, enjoining the French soldiery to give no quarter to the British and Hanoverian troops, His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief was soon made acquainted with the circumstance, without knowing the particulars; and I was commissioned to send an individual, devoted to our cause, into Lisle, in order to procure the *Moniteur*, in which the nefarious act was registered. It was brought to me by a great dog, (what the French call *un mâtin*,) who had it inclosed in his leathern collar, his master, a shrewd peasant, accompanying him. When there was no longer doubt of the sanguinary mandate, His Royal Highness the Duke ordered me to purchase necessities, shirts, shoes, stockings, and even jackets, for such of the prisoners of war as might stand in need of them, and to cause those articles to be distributed among them; at that time I had upwards of 500 Frenchmen under my

care: the Prince's orders were of course religiously complied with, and similar instructions transmitted to Col. DURELL, at Ghent, where the grand *dépot* for prisoners of war was established at the time — This was the retaliation of a British Prince, doing *infinite good for infinite evil!* and I have learned with much gratification, but without a particle of surprise, that the public was never charged a shilling for the expenses incurred on the occasion alluded to.

It is a most fortunate circumstance for the people of England, that their country is exempt from the horrors which are necessarily attendant on scenes of war.—Happy England! that hearest not the thunder of the cannon, unless when it announces that victory has perched upon the standards of thy sons! This lucky and providential ignorance of the greatest of all possible scourges, renders the English, who are unconnected with our gallant army, the most injudicious, the most unreasonable, and the most unjust of men, when they presume to give an opinion on any military operation, particularly if such operation have proved unsuccessful. They speak of war with nearly the same kind of judgment, as persons, *born blind*, convey their idea of colours: and the General who loses a battle, is sure to be vilified, and unblushingly abused, because these *sage critics* never once deign to take into their *paramount* consideration, that the wisest and

best-concerted measures are frequently rendered abortive by extraordinary and unforeseen events; and that PROVIDENCE, in order to confound the vanity of man, and to convince him of his extreme imperfection, is often pleased to counteract plans, which were conceived and digested with the utmost degree of human care, prudence, and foresight.

The DUKE OF YORK's magnanimity is well known to all those who have seen him in fire, and who have witnessed his conduct on all other trying occasions; but it must be allowed, that His Royal Highness never evinced more elevation of soul, than by his not condescending to take any notice of what the *canaille*, within or without, were wicked and silly enough to say against him in his professional capacity. His reputation will go down to late posterity with *éclat*, as the cause, under PROVIDENCE, of the trophies triumphantly won by the armies which His Royal Highness *formed*; while the names of his domestic enemies, coupled with the idea of all that is vile, will reach after-ages with the same kind of immortality which EROSTRATUS obtained for wantonly setting fire to the Ephesian temple. The DUKE of YORK's military fame is in high preservation—it is *embalmed in the bosom of every British soldier*!

THE HANOVERIANS.

PREJUDICES debase the mind, and inflict a deadly wound on reason; but when they are imbibed to the detriment of any particular nation, the illiberality is at once glaring and flagitious, still proving more injurious to the reputation of the offenders, than to that of the offended.

It is now almost a century since the *Hanoverians* began to fight and bleed for the cause of England; and never did there exist braver, or more faithful allies; allies so deserving of being respected and esteemed by the nation, to whose interest they devote themselves without reserve, and whose battles they fight with high-wrought enthusiasm, and with corresponding success. It would be idle to attempt to enumerate the battles won for England by Hanoverian gallantry, in every war in which she has been engaged since the accession of the House of BRUNSWICK to the throne, or to relate their achievements even in the hour of discomfiture. Can Englishmen forget the defenders of *Gibraltar*? Do they, *will they*, deign to recollect the heroes of *Menin*, of *Famars* and of *Dunkirk*? Will they, in fine, condescend to believe the illustrious WELLINGTON, who, in all his despatches, mentions the distinguished and exemplary conduct of the Hanoverians

troops, which are serving on the continent, under his Lordship's command? And, after that, will they continue to refuse their meed of commendation to men, who would do honour to any army; who are as peaceable in quarters, as they are terrible in the field, adhering to their motto "*nulla vestigia retrorsum.*" *John Bull* is a tolerably correct *paymaster*, but he is a most *sulky* and *insolent employer*: He thinks that money is a sufficient remuneration for loss of blood, and that those heroes whose courage enables him to run a round of riot and luxury at home, should feel *grateful* for the precarious support, which he gives them with the *worst possible grace*.

The *Hanoverians*, let it be repeated, are a gallant people, and very highly deserving of the gratitude of the British nation, not only for the blood, which they willingly and unsparingly shed in it's defence, but for the sacrifices which they spontaneously make, in order to enrol themselves under the banners of England. It is well known, that Hanover is not so flourishing a country as ours; neither so fertile, nor so rich; not "a land flowing with milk and honey:" but it is the place of *their* birth, the land of *their* forefathers, and to which they are at least as much wedded, as the brave Swiss to their frowning, unproductive, native rocks. By ranging themselves under the standard of England, the *Hanoverians* sever themselves, and, perhaps, for ever, from

their relatives, their connexions, and all that nature commands man to hold dear in this sublunary abode. Is it for this, that they are to be unblushingly traduced by the "*fretful Porcupine*," by "*Sir Francis Harebrain*," and other such *moral, patriotic wise-acres*? Are they to be vilified, because, in the existing unsettled state of the world, Great Britain and Ireland, from their circumscribed geographical position, cannot supply the national army with a sufficient number of men, they cheerfully volunteer their useful service, and die in our defence? "*O Shame! where is thy blush?*"

MATERIALS OF WHICH THE NATIONAL ARMY IS COMPOSED.

MR. W. SCOTT has long deserved well of the republic of letters; he has long rendered essential service to society at large by his instructive and entertaining productions, and, on a late occasion, has laid the army under some obligation for having characterized it. Nor was the task a difficult one; he needed neither hyperbolical ink to paint the professional disposition of British soldiers; nor was it necessary that he should soar into the region of fiction, in order to embellish Truth, which is ever most persuasive, when exhibited in her native simplicity;

free from all the ambitious ornaments of phraseology.

Mr. Scott has obtained much merited credit for his "*Vision of Don Roderick*;" in which classical composition there are three stanzas characteristic of our land forces—stanzas that every British soldier should commit to memory, and teach, as a *martial hymn*, to his children, as soon as they begin to lisp.

The Landing of our Troops on the Continent, under the command of General Earl of Wellington, &c. &c. &c.

"A various host! from kindred realms they come,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown.
For you fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown;
Her's the bold port, and her's the martial frown,
And her's the scorn of death in Freedom's cause;
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And blunt their speech, that bursts without a pause,
And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier with
the laws."

As far as this goes, it is elegantly descriptive of the *English warrior*; but, where there was such an extensive field to range in, readers would naturally expect to find the subject more copiously dilated; for instance, would it have been amiss to have dwelt upon that cool, determined intrepidity, which increases with the danger, and which is so peculiarly

characteristic of the dauntless, and never-to-be-subdued spirit of Englishmen? upon that valour which is not of an ephemeral species, not what the French call *journalier*, but a steady, uniform, constant, and innate sentiment, calculated to encounter peril in all shapes, at all times, and in all places?

At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, the English, *single-handed* in the most literal sense, defeated the whole of the immense French army *twice*, and would have eventually remained masters of the field, had not the Dutch allies, agreeably to their *laudable* custom by land, unblushingly abandoned them, as soon as they perceived the *Irish brigades* in the French service, advancing to the charge.

The army at that particular period, was not *British*; it was purely *English*: for the *Scotch* were too busy at home, in endeavouring to restore the dethroned Family; and the *Irish* were also too active in the same cause, to afford any supplies of men in support of the new dynasty: still it was allowed, even by the enemy, that no soldiers ever conducted themselves so gallantly, as those whom His Royal Highness of CUMBERLAND had the honour to command on the 1st of May, 1745. VOLTAIRE, though as incorrect an historian as he is an elegant versifier, is loud in his commendation of the English, in his poem "*On the Battle of Fontenoy*;" he is persuaded, that their prowess, on that occasion, was never

equalled by any troops, ancient or modern; but the poet, Frenchman-like, as it is ever the case when he has to mention the conduct of foreigners in the French pay, does not do justice to the *Irish brigades*, to whose powerful exertions the English themselves ascribe the loss of the battle.

“CLARE, avec ses Irlandais, qu’anime notre exemple,
Venge ses Dieux trahis, sa patrie et son temple.”

He says, that Lord CLARE, with his Irish, who are *stimulated* by the *example* of Frenchmen, avenges his household Gods, his native land, his religion. Now, had Lord CLARE followed the example given him by the chosen troops of France, instead of conquering, he would have, first, trembled in presence of superior intrepidity, and then, sought safety in flight.

The second stanza is highly finished, and concerns the Britons of the North.

“And O, lov’d warriors of the minstrel’s land!
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne’er in battle-field throbb’d heart so brave,
As that, which beats beneath the Scottish plaid ;
And when the *Fibrook* bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset
staid ?”

Modesty is certainly a very amiable feature in the character of a writer ; in all instances, however, *Justice* is paramount to it. There are, to be sure, many delicate, and some energetic touches in this stanza, but the poet has been too sparing of panegyric with respect to his military countrymen ; a liberal English, or Irishman, would have been more copious in eulogizing Scotch valour and professional steadiness ; and, no doubt, had Mr. Scott seen his compatriots in fire, either storming a battery, or breaking the hostile ranks with the national weapon, spreading discomfiture and death from centre to flank, he would not have confined himself within so narrow a compass. The last part of the stanza, it must, however, be confessed, is poetically beautiful, and historically true. — Then come the Hibernians :

“Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war’s stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, *Erix*, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known ;
Rough Nature’s children, humorous as she ;
And He, yon Chieftain,—strike the tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle ! the Hero is thine own !”

This is a pathetic description of every lineament in the character of the *Irish soldier*, and, perhaps, a happy illustration of the figure *Hypotyposis*. Here

we imagine, that we see the hardy sons of St. Patrick advancing dauntless, but with the smile of good humour, against the enemy, and anticipating victory, because they are ever conscious, that they will deserve it by their exertions; while they are moving on, in quick time, to battle, we think that we hear their national airs, so inspiriting and so grateful to the ears of all. The social character of the Irish is also touched upon—"in kindness warm;"—yes, they are patterns of good nature; but they are proud, and will not allow themselves to be treated with indifference; if they did, they would be unworthy of the high renown, which, *as soldiers*, they have won, and do enjoy.

The natural impetuosity of the *Irish*, and their astonishing agility, render them peculiarly calculated for a *coup de main*, when, in order to ensure success, gallantry, bordering upon phrenzy, is absolutely necessary. With the rapidity of winged lightning, they rush upon the astonished enemy, subduing, prostrating every species of opposition, and only cease to slaughter, when they have ceased to live, or when the vanquished foe has thrown himself upon their mercy.

Lieut. General Sir SAMUEL AUCHMUTY, in his recent despatches, relating to the capture of Batavia, while he describes the almost supernatural progress of Colonel (now Major-General) GILLESPIE, who commanded the principal storming division on that me-

morable occasion, paints, in the true epic style, every *Irish warrior* in the hour of battle; and the gallant General is no *poet*!

Those being the component parts of the British Army, we should no longer wonder, that the fortunate WELLINGTON has evinced himself "*Le vainqueur des vainqueurs de la terre*!"

AN English soldier calls his necessaries, "his *kit*;" the French soldier calls his shirts, shoes, stockings, &c. "*son butin*," literally his *booty*—a circumstance rather expressive of the manner in which a Frenchman procures his necessaries, when he is once inlisted.

"Combien avez vous de chemises, soldat?" a French Captain will ask a man of his company; who answers, "*Mon Capitaine, j'ai deux mauvaises chemises, et une troisième, qui ne vaut rien.*" "How many shirts have you, soldier?" "I have *two bad ones*, Sir, and a third that is *good for nothing*!" This is, however, generally the case throughout the *imperial* army of the amiable Corsican.

THE Romans, who of all men were best acquainted with war, and its requisites, never allowed their army to idle away their time in a barrack, or a

camp. The men were always employed both in war and peace; indeed, their army had its name, *exercitus*, from *exerceo*, to labour, and all the public works were carried on by the soldiery. To such men, so inured to hard labour, the fatigues of war were encountered with comparative indifference; and the soldier did not experience any of the distressing difficulties, which naturally arise from a sudden transition from one extreme to another.

DURING the usurpation of CROMWELL, the following were the words of command for priming, loading, and firing, in the ranks:

1. Balance your musket in left-hand.
 2. Find out your charge.
 3. Open your charge.
 4. Charge with bullet.
 5. Put your scowring stick in your musket.
 6. Ram home your charge.
 7. Draw forth your scowring stick.
 8. Turn and shorten him to a handful.
 9. Return your scowring stick.
 10. Bring forward your musket, and poize.
 11. Balance your musket in left-hand with barrel upward.
 12. Draw forth your match.
 13. Blow the ashes from your coal.
 14. Present upon your left-hand.
 15. Give fire breast-high.
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PARIS.

GOVERNOR WALL.

I KNEW this ill-fated Gentleman, in the French capital, at the commencement of the revolution. He was generally esteemed by the British, who looked with horror on the atrocities perpetrated by Frenchmen, under the fatal influence of a fury, which they impiously misnamed *Liberty*, and was as universally avoided by the English refugees, who had fled from the sword of justice at home, and sought an asylum amongst their compeers in the focus of insurrection.

Colonel WALL's story was well known in Paris, but particularly so to the British military, who were there in great numbers at the time. All pitied him on account of the peculiar hardship of his case, and valued him for the loyal principles which he ever retained for his native sovereign and country, notwithstanding the inauspicious predicament in which he stood—an exile from the land of his birth, and compelled to live among cannibals, whom he at once dreaded and abhorred.

I saw the Colonel every day at the *Café de Chartres*, in the *Palais Royal*—the polite and general rendezvous of the idle, the inquisitive, and the po-

liticians of every party. He was mild and urbane in his manners, and would have been deemed a fine gentleman in any country. In his dress he was unaffectedly elegant, and his deportment perfectly corresponded with his outward appearance. In conversation the Colonel was unassuming and modest, but, when conscious of being in the right, he was firm, and would not yield a point. He had read much, and was so well versed in history, that I saw him more than once embarrass some of the sages of the revolutionary government, whose opinions were stamped at the time with a species of infallibility, which it would have been a crime of *lese-nation* to impeach.

When the Duke of BRUNSWICK invaded France, and menaced the capital with fire and sword, General DILLON wrote from the frontiers to Colonel WALL, proposing to him the command of a regiment of light dragoons, (*chasseurs à cheval*,) and holding out to him every inducement, which great zeal for the new cause could suggest, in order to obtain his professional assistance against (what was called in the phraseology of the time, *les supports des monstres couronnés*!) the myrmidons of the crowned monsters! With the exception of that cant phrase, the General's letter was couched in the style of an officer, a gentleman, and a scholar; but it made no impression on the Colonel's mind, who very coolly declined taking any part in a contest, in

which he knew England would ultimately be engaged; persuaded, that she would not permit the political system of Europe to be overturned, without interposing her good offices, or, *if necessary*, without employing her fleets and armies in it's just defence.

Though the subject of this sketch could not be called a classical French scholar, he expressed himself with a considerable degree of fluency in the language of the country in which he lived; a circumstance that rendered his society peculiarly agreeable to the genteel natives, with whom he associated, and by whom he was considered a very amiable, valuable companion.

At the period that the Austrians were bombarding *Lisle*, GARAT DE COULON was commissioned by the then existing government, to exert his best faculties, in order to prevail on the *tall English Colonel* to accept the command of *any* regiment serving in Flanders. I happened to be present at one of the interviews, which took place on the occasion, and it was when the Colonel gave his final answer in these words: "Monsieur, je vous prie de croire, que si le bon Roi, que vous avez trahi, étoit encore sur son trône, je ne voudrois pas accepter un brevet de Colonel de sa main.....à plus forte raison.....vous m'entendez, Monsieur GARAT DE COULON!" "Sir, were the good King, whom you betrayed, still on his throne, I would not accept a

Colonel's commission from him.....so you may well think, that.....you know what I mean, Monsieur GARAT DE COULON !”

Here then are two prominent proofs of Colonel WALL's innate loyalty, and of his contempt for a *mob-government*. I trust, that, similarly circumstanced, there are many British officers, who would have acted in the same honourable manner, and declined a rank, however profitable, when tendered by illegitimate authority; but I also think that several of those who condemned the conduct of Governor WALL at Goree, without deigning to take any of the circumstances into consideration, would not have played so noble a part as the Colonel did at Paris, if their allegiance had been put to so severe a test.

It would but ill become an individual, who entertains the highest possible degree of veneration for the laws of his country, and who is persuaded, that England is the only part of the universe in which *justice* is administered substantially, and without favour or affection, to presume even to hint, that Governor WALL was illegally sentenced to an ignominious death, that he was a victim, offered up on the altar of the country, in order to gratify an infuriate mob, to propitiate an unprincipled rabble, and to divert their rage from more serious undertakings. No; it is better to think with VOLTAIRE, “ Nos voisins jugent, de tems en tems, à

propos de faire mourir, *gratis*, un Amiral, un Général, ou un Gouverneur; et ils disent que c'est pour apprendre à vivre aux autres!"

There was not a person, who knew Colonel WALL in Paris, who did not very sincerely lament his fate, and regret, that there should be found monsters in the shape of Englishmen, who could suffer revenge, and of the vilest kind, so to rankle in their bosoms, as to burst forth, after a lapse of upwards of twenty years, and ultimately to destroy it's victim.

Supposing, for a moment, that Colonel WALL was, in the widest sense, guilty of the crime of which he was accused, and for which he suffered, no disgrace could attach to the character of the nation, because an *individual* had offended against the laws of the land; but the English character received a ghastly and deadly wound by the *infernal yell* of joy, sent forth in London, by the representatives of the mob, as soon as the *ill-starred* Colonel appeared on the scaffold, in order to undergo the dreadful sentence of the law!

TOM PAINE.

It would be a bold undertaking to say any thing in *favour* of this notorious character; nor is it here intended to unburden him of an iota of his well-

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earned infamy. I propose only to speak of him at a certain prominent period of his life, when it was my fate to be a witness to some of his transactions; and to mention him in such situations, as I had an opportunity of observing him, unobserved.

This flagitious old man was elected (what was called by the courtesy of Republican France) a Representative of the People for the Department of *Calais*; and the Jacobins thought that by appointing him to a district, which was within so few miles of the British metropolis, they would greatly *op-*
pose our Government, against which he had declared interminable war, as well as against its laws, and all that the happy people of this country hold most sacred and most dear. Just as if the British nation could envy their hostile neighbours the *honour* of counting among their *Senators* an infidel old man, who had forfeited every claim to respectability, and even to protection, in a civilized nation.

It may not be generally known, that among the members of the *various* legislative bodies, which, for four or five years, were fabricating *Constitutions* for France, there were scarcely any who delivered their speeches otherwise than by *reading* them. In the first assembly I only knew of four or five, who spoke *impromptu*, and who were ready, on every occasion, both for attack and defence—those were MIRABEAU, the too celebrated orator; L'Abbé

MAURY, the pliant priest; CAZALES, the esteemed friend of the illustrious BURKE; and LALLY-TOLENDAL, the sublime advocate of a murdered father.

Those who could neither speak, nor compose, had a person to stain paper for them, whom they called their *Teinturier*, or *Dier*. I knew a very good scholar of the name of BERTIN, whose hours were all employed in composing speeches, (*à un petit écu la pièce*,) at half a crown a piece, for seven Royalist and nine Jacobin Members, who had not a word to say for themselves! This *Teinturier*, to my certain knowledge, even proposed to his legislative customers to read the discourses for them in the tribune, for an additional shilling, if they could obtain the President's permission to that effect: many of them, no doubt, would have willingly availed themselves of Citizen BERTIN's proposal, had not the apprehension of exciting the laughter of the other legislators deterred them.

PAINE, who knew no more of French than he did of morality, had a *Teinturier* for himself, and whom, though a member, he paid; he was also his reader. It was an excellent subject for a caricature to see them both perched in the Rostrum together, one displaying the purchased and supposed eloquence of TOM PAINE, while the representative of the "*Pas de Calais*" nodded his assent to every expression, and not unfrequently bestowed his approving suffrage on the very part of the oration.

which made against his own general and avowed principles in politics! On one occasion, I well recollect the following ludicrous circumstance of his mistimed nod of approbation.

It was on a question relating to the Clergy, in which Tom's *scribe* and *other-self* had introduced the following passage, trusting it would prove the means of making some addition to the *portion congrue*: "Il faut convenir que, de tout tems, le Clergé de France, malgré les préjugés, qui existent à son desavantage, s'est montré digne du caractère sacré, dont il est revêtu; et qu'il a toujours interprété le CODE SUBLIME de la foi Chrétienne d'une manière exemplaire, et propre à consoler les fideles dans tous les accidens de la vie! et surtout qu'il ne s'est jamais montré l'ami du Siège de Rome." Which may be thus Englished: "It must be allowed, that from time immemorial, the Clergy of France, notwithstanding the existing prejudices which prevail against that body, have proved themselves worthy of the sacred character, with which they are invested; and that they always interpreted the SUBLIME VOLUME of the Christian faith in an exemplary manner, and calculated to cheer the faithful in the various fortunes of this fleeting life! nor did they ever evince partiality to the See of Rome."

To every word of this passage PAINE assented with uncommon vehemence of action, and of course in *English*, the only idiom with which he was at

all acquainted.—“*To be sure !*” he exclaimed ; “*certainly !*” “*most assuredly !*” “*nothing can be more certain !*” &c. &c. &c. while he looked round the Hall with much self-complacency, and as if to solicit applause for the *consistency* of his doctrine !!

This was meant evidently, according to some, as a joke on the Member for the Department of Calais ; whilst others insisted, that it was (as it afterwards proved to be) intended as a vehicle for the private opinion of his *Dier* ; but in either case, Tom considered himself as ill-used, on learning, from the public voice, that he had combatted his own favourite system, and had declared from the *tribune*, that the HOLY SCRIPTURES contained matter for consolation to mankind in all the walks of this chequered pilgrimage. Certain, however, it is, that I never saw PAINE after that day in the rostrum with the same *Teinturier*.

Among other gentleman-like propensities, Mr. PAINE was excessively addicted to drinking unqualified brandy ; and it is thought, that he drank more copiously of his favourite liquor in the morning, than at any other part of the day ; no doubt for the purpose of rendering his conscience callous to self-reproach, and to the workings of compunction, furies that are ever in the suite of the impious. Notwithstanding his carbuncled face, and most repulsive *ensemble*, he was not proof against the omnipotence of beauty. He wished to become, and to declare himself *l'amant aimé* of a very pretty

figurante of the name of VINCENT, whose form and *savoir faire* had laid many suitors at her feet, and brought many visitors to the opera-house. Tom employed an *Irish rebel*, who now keeps a school near Paris, to write a letter for him to "*la belle PAULINE*;" and *Patt*, who was the most incapable person in France to keep a love-secret, published the answer, which was couched in these words. I give them with all their orthographical imperfections on their head, and in the true style of Parisian opera-dancers:—

"Citoyen Représentant du Peuple,

"Je vous connoy *de vu*, et c'est assez pour moi: je n'aimes point *l'échantillon*, que j'ai vue à la *tribune*; pour couper au court, si vous aviez à m'offrir tous les richesses du Citoyen *Égalité*, je dirois à mon laqué de vous fermer ma porte au nez; d'ailleurs, crois tu, malheureux, que je suis si peu bonne Chretienne pour vouloir passer une nuit avec un manant, qui ne croy ni au bon dieu, ni à la sainte Verge Marie? Tu fais horreur de toutes les manieres!

PAULINE VINCENT."

Which may be thus interpreted.

"Citizen Representative of the People,

"I know you *by sight*, and that's plenty for me: I don't approve of the *sample*, I saw in the *pulpit* of the assembly— But to cut the matter short, if you made an offer of all *Égalité's* riches, I should tell my footman to shut my door

in your face. On the other hand, dost thou think, wretch, that I have so little of the *Christian* about me, as to indulge a fellow, like thee, who believest neither in God Almighty, nor in the blessed Virgin Mary? Thou excitest horror in every point of view!

P. V.^o

Though PAINE, as a legislator, was the real representative of *Orator Mum*, he figured with no inconsiderable degree of *éclat* as a *holder-forth* of treason, when, in a corner of the *Caffé de Chartres*, appositely denominated the *Pandæmonium*, he there saw himself encircled by the *English, Irish, and Scotch rebels*, who emulously sought after the honour of even touching the hem of their *Apostle's garment*.

The havoc committed by this man in the minds of individuals of wavering faith, was incalculable, but not, as it has proved, irremediable; for PROVIDENCE has been pleased to raise up a champion for the Christian doctrine, and its infallibility, in the person of Doctor WATSON, the pious and learned Bishop of Landaff, who has, in his "*Apology for the Bible*," given the world a never-failing antidote against the poisonous sophistry of the miscreant PAINE; a catholicon that dispels the mist of every kind of scepticism in matters connected with theological truths.

DOCTOR JACKSON

Was another misguided man, who aimed at disturbing the peace of his native country by introducing *French politics* among a high-minded and brave peasantry, but unfortunately too prone to receive wrong impressions from those, whom they deem their superiors in understanding.

Doctor JACKSON was a native of Ireland, and a Clergyman of the establishment; an excellent scholar, wrote Latin with Ciceronian purity, and composed with much elegance in his vernacular idiom, of which he gave repeated proofs in the different periodical prints, magazines, and reviews of the day.

This gentleman was in the suite of the DUCHESS of KINGSTON, both in London, and during her Grace's excursions to the Continent. He had, some way or other, given such offence to FOOTE, that he introduced him to the public in, I believe, "*The Trip to Calais*," under the very unclerical denomination of "*Parson Viper*;" a circumstance which procured for the facetious SAM a *private caning* in his own parlour, of which he never took any dramatic notice.

I knew something of Mr. JACKSON when he was connected with the late highly esteemed and much regretted comedian, JOHN PALMER, at the time he

embarked in that disastrous concern, the *Royalty-Theatre*. The Doctor was a staunch friend to the undertaking, which he strenuously supported with his commanding literary powers, and, no doubt, would have lent it his pecuniary assistance, if Fortune had been half so favourable to him, as *Minerva* had evinced herself to be.

I afterwards saw Mr. JACKSON in Paris, but declined renewing my acquaintance with him, for which I had soon to congratulate myself very sincerely, as I found, to the great disgrace of his gown, that he was a constant member of the *private conciliabulum* of the Jacobins, and privy to all their plans against England. As leading secretary for British affairs, it was he who principally conducted the epistolary intercourse between the Jacobins of France, and the Corresponding Society in England; his hand-writing seldom appeared, but his composition almost always. Indeed, he lived entirely by this vile means, for, as I have since learned, he did not derive the smallest assistance from home.

The following anecdote, relative to the Doctor, is worth mentioning on account of its singularity, and the ready wit, which he evinced on the trying occasion with which it is connected.

I was rather intimate with a Mr. BRUNTON, an Englishman, who kept a considerable warehouse (all of British manufacture) on the *Carousel*, immediately opposite to the Palace of the *Tuilleries*.

This Englishman had been so powerfully recommended to the notice of the QUEEN of FRANCE, that her MAJESTY purchased at his house every article of dress which he had, and she wanted ; and those ladies, who moved in the courtly circle, and who were particularly anxious to gratify the QUEEN, never failed to make their *emplettes* at the highly-favoured Englishman's. LORD GOWER (the present MARQUIS of STAFFORD) was then the British Plenipotentiary in France ; and it was said, that Mr. BRUNTON owe^d the marked attention which he experienced, to the distinguished recommendation of his Lordship, who is known not to be a lukewarm friend.

I was one day dining with Mr. BRUNTON, in company with several other British subjects, many of whom were military. A servant came to inform him, that a gentleman, who looked very like an English clergyman, wished to speak to him. Mr. BRUNTON went down stairs, and remained absent nearly an hour ; and on his return to the saloon, was so convulsed with laughter, that, for some minutes, he was unable to utter an intelligible sentence. When, however, he had it in his power sufficiently to discipline his risible muscles, he addressed the company in these terms : " It is time, Gentlemen, that you should be made acquainted with the subject, which has provoked such immoderate laughter on my part. By the last English

mail I received a letter from a character of great respectability in Essex, a gentleman to whom I am under some obligations, and whom I am, in return, most anxious to gratify to the best of my faculties. The letter relates solely to a Doctor Jackson, who is now in Paris, and in strict alliance with the Jacobin Committee of Insurrection, *King-killers* and *infanticides*. Now, my correspondent requests me to inform him of what I may have learned concerning this same Doctor Jackson; whether he be apparently in easy circumstances, and in what kind of British society he mixes, &c. As I know very little of his *Reverence*—I mean of good—I, this morning, discovered his place of abode, and wrote to him, stating, that I had something of moment to impart to him from England, hoping, within myself, that he would put it in my power to serve him, and relieve him from the degradation of being in *Jacobins'* pay. When I imparted to him the contents of the letter which I had received from England, he testified much satisfaction, shook me by the hand, and assured me, that he considered it a very fortunate circumstance to have fallen in with a person of such liberal sentiments *as mine*; adding, that I had it completely in my power to further his most essential interest, by communicating some particulars to the gentleman, who appeared so very solicitous to hear concerning him. 'You have only,' said I to the Doctor,

‘to mention to me how I can serve you in a *reasonable way*, and you will find how zealous I shall show myself in your cause.’ He thanked me for the gratuitous interest, which I took in his concerns, and thus unbosomed himself to me: ‘Mr. BRUNTON, you, as a Christian, and a *Protestant*, know, that whatever is born, is food for the grave; it matters not how long, or how short it’s stay be on this slippery ball: a thousand years are not so much as a point in eternity; the space of a few years then in a man’s life is not of the smallest possible importance; if, therefore, I happened to be *buried last Thursday week*, instead of at a more protracted period, it matters not; such an insignificant event would not, in the smallest degree, have disturbed the physical economy of the world, nor even would it have caused any, the most imperceptible, vacuum in society——But to the point, Mr. BRUNTON; it will greatly promote my views, if you write to your friend in Essex, that you frequently saw Doctor JACKSON at the Coffee-house of *la Barrière des Serjeans* in the *Rue St. Honoré*; that he was generally surrounded by the *facetious* (mind, not *factionous*) part of the English, whom he kept in a roar of laughter, particularly when he detailed the *tricks* to which farmers in England resorted, in order to augment the price of grain, &c.: tell him, in short, in the solemn language of GRAY, that I suddenly

disappeared from my favourite walks—the garden of the *Tuilleries*, and the *Colisde*; say—

“One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d bill,
 Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn; nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path I saw him borne,” &c.

In fine, Mr. BRUNTON, inform your friend, that I expired suddenly *last Monday morning*, about a quarter after eleven o’clock; that my mortal remains were carefully committed to the bosom of our common mother, *on Wednesday*; that, by the greatest chance, you heard of my abrupt exit, and were among the many English gentlemen, who attended at my funeral: You may add, that I died in peace with all mankind, a firm-advocate for *church* and *state*.——But, lest I should weary your attention, Mr. BRUNTON, I shall conclude by saying, that if you *help* me now into *the other world*, I will very probably help you one day *in this!* Such was his conclusion, and he took his departure, making a drawing-room bow, and repeating, “*I am a dead man.*”

It would be superfluous to add, that the company were highly amused by the recital, and that Mr. BRUNTON transmitted the particulars of the laughable adventure to his friend in Essex.

Happy would it have been for the wretched JACKSON, had he died in Paris, instead of poisoning himself in his native city, and expiring in presence of the Judge, who was about to pronounce the sentence of the law upon him for the foulest of crimes—that of being in the pay of the enemy, for the purpose of exciting his countrymen to anarchy and rebellion!

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MR. MUIR.

Was a Scotchman, and, as I understand, a Barrister-at-Law. I mention him merely for the purpose of stating, that his conduct in Paris was not only unexceptionable, but in a high degree exemplary. Though he could not with any consistency of character frequent the society of the British Royalists, he was seldom seen among the Renegadoes; and when a kind of chance threw him into their company, he appeared as a being of a superior nature; he felt his own consequence, and made them feel it too!

When it was no longer prudent for a British subject, not infected with the French *mania*, to remain in Paris, I resolved to run every risk in order to escape from the dreadful fate with which I was menaced, more particularly than many other individuals, on account of my having had an inter-

est in a French paper, devoted to the fallen cause, Mr. MUIR either learned, or guessed, that, on the landing of His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK on the Continent, I was about to take my departure for the frontiers, and had the heroic courage to send me, one morning, a bundle of *assignats*, which, notwithstanding the immense depreciation of that precarious commodity at the time, were worth at least 30*l.* sterling, together with a *passport*, which he had interest enough to procure for me at the Municipality, without any of the usual forms.—There was a blank left for the insertion of my Christian name, which he did not know, but desired me to be very careful in filling up. Though I admired the magnanimity of Mr. MUIR, with whom I had never interchanged a sentence, I returned both the money and the passport with becoming sentiments of heart-felt gratitude, stating in my answer, that my funds, though not superabundant, would suffice for the occasion; but that I declined making use of the passport, from a just sense of the impropriety of fighting under false colours. I knew, moreover, that I could not present a French *carte civique* with any degree of confidence, so as to appear in earnest.

I was with our army in Flanders, when I learned, through the medium of the London papers, the hard destiny of Mr. MUIR; and I could not, while I sincerely regretted the issue of his trial, but think,

that, had he had the good fortune of being tried by a jury of Englishmen, instead of one of his own country, he would have been acquitted with credit to himself, with honour to his judges, and with becoming homage to justice and to reason. It would be presumptuous; nay, it would be in the extreme *criminal*, to say that the jury, who tried Mt. Muir, and in consequence of whose *verdict* (what an expressive word!) that Gentleman was sentenced to *transportation*, have his blood upon them; but it can be no libel to assert, that there was not one among them capable of acting, under similar circumstances, with such an unaffected greatness of mind, as Mr. Muir evinced towards me, merely because he knew that I was a persecuted foreigner in Paris.

How happy should I feel myself if, instead of paying him this posthumous tribute of my lively gratitude and admiration, I could take him by the hand, and tell him, that, in a generous and glowing bosom like his, it was impossible for treason to lurk or be an inmate!

CHABOT (*The Ex-Capuchin Friar*.)

I HAPPENED to dine in company with this strange man, at the *Hotel de Bourbon*, and, while I remained in Paris, he would, *nolens volens*, visit me almost

daily. It would have been a dangerous experiment to refuse *les grandes entrées*, to a personage who had supreme control over the guillotine! CHABOT was the medium through which DESENNES, the great bookseller in the *Palais Royal*, made me an offer of 200 *louis d'ors* for translating BURKE's celebrated Letter on the French Revolution; but it was on condition, that I should omit the most striking and glowing passages of that beautiful composition; and among others, the splendid and merited compliment, which the gallant and energetic author had paid to the much-injured QUEEN. I declined having any thing to do with a work, which it was intended should appear in a mutilated state.

At this time, Mr. HENRY BALDWIN, proprietor &c. of "*The Saint James's Chronicle*," had a correspondent in Paris, who, twice a week, transmitted him the most interesting intelligence, a part of which always related to the suffering Royal Family. I was anxious to procure that paper, for the purpose of disposing of it in a manner very suitable to my political principles. CHABOT had often *solicited* me to ask some favour at his hands, and, on this occasion, I had no hesitation in requesting him to allow me to get a London paper, under cover to him. To this he most willingly assented, regretting, however, that I did not afford him a more ample opportunity of being useful to me.

MADAME CAMPAN

Was what was called *premiere femme de la Reine*, and in the plenary enjoyment at that time of her Royal Mistress' confidence. This lady was very highly accomplished, and, independent of her courtly qualifications, and polished manners, possessed, together with a most fascinating figure, a critical knowledge of the principal languages of Europe. She spoke *English* and *Italian* with classical purity, and with as much fluency as she did her native idiom. In fine, Madame CAMPAN was considered as well-bred a gentlewoman, as ever moved within the sphere of the court of France.

To this Lady I had the gratification, as I conceived it, of being introduced by the Abbé Mac DONOGH, who was *l'ami de la Maison*, and in high favour. The Abbé was a very handsome, agreeable, and witty Irishman; and it may be added, that any one of those recommendations would have proved an infallible passport to the best societies in Paris at the time alluded to.

I frequently dined at Madame CAMPAN's table, where I was always sure to meet excellent company. The Abbé was never absent; and though, as I understood, Monsieur CAMPAN remained continually in Paris, I did not see him, *even once*, at his wife's, during my almost daily intercourse at the palace, which lasted for about a year and a half! She had

a little boy of ten years old, who did not appear to inherit one spark of her genius; he was imbecility personified; nor did she seem to care much about him. He was seldom allowed to come into the saloon, but was pointedly excluded whenever His Royal Highness the DAUPHIN came to see Madame CAMPAN, for whom the Royal infant entertained the greatest attachment.

I had very frequently the happiness of seeing that most interesting child. Abstracted from the idea of the horrors to which he was daily exposed, which very naturally awoke sympathetic feelings in his favour, the illustrious boy possessed native recommendations to every heart, which was not of the most obtuse insensibility. I shall for ever recollect, with pleasing melancholy, many of the endearing sayings of that lovely child. One evening, sitting on my knee, and looking, like a cherub, in my face, he said, "Savez-vous que ma pauvre Maman pleure beaucoup, et surtout quand je suis seul avec elle; mais j'ai trouvé le moyen de l'en empêcher." "Do you know, that my poor Mama cries a great deal, and particularly when I am alone with her; but I know a way to prevent her." I was anxious to learn from the little Prince, to what amiable and innocent expedient he resorted; in order to dry up the tears of his august and afflicted parent. "Je n'ai qu'à lui dire, ne pleurez point, ma bonne Maman, je t'en prie, parceque mon

Papa va venir; et tout de suite Maman s'essuie les yeux!" "I have only to say to her," (answered the little angel,) "dear Mama, don't cry; pray don't; because Papa will be soon here; and then Mama immediately wipes her eyes!" On another occasion, throwing himself into Madame CAMPAN's arms, the child exclaimed, "CAMPAN, sais tu, que Papa et Maman t'aiment beaucoup, presque' autant qu'ils aiment Madame de TOURZELLE." CAMPAN, dost thou know," (a most endearing and infantine mode of expression in French,) that Papa and Mama love thee very much; almost as much as they do Madame de TOURZELLE."

It was at this Lady's request, that I ordered the *St. James's Chronicle* from London. The representative CHABOT left strict orders at his hôtel, that the English paper should be sent to my quarters, as soon as it arrived; and, lest such a *vile* name as that of CHABOT should offend any eye within the purlieus of the palace, I tore off the English cover, and addressed it to Madame CAMPAN; and as I learned afterwards from herself, it was handed to His MAJESTY just as I had sent it.

The king understood *printed* English very well, and regretted much, that it had not been taught to him, together with the other European languages, when he was pursuing his studies, persuaded, as he was, that it did not yield to any in copiousness, and was inferior only to a few in melody; and His

MAJESTY told Madame CAMPAN, that, were he not *certain* that the DAUPHIN would not be permitted to outlive the revolutionary æra, he would procure an eminent English master for him.

On the never-to-be-forgotten 10th of August, when the throne of the BOURBONS was completely overturned, Madame CAMPAN was the *first* of the royal attendants who abandoned their Majesties to their fate—thus repaying real attachment with ingratitude of the blackest hue! and when other acts of infamy were found out, it was discovered, that she, privy to the flight of the royal sufferers, was also, together with the notorious hypocrite LA FAYETTE, privy to all the manœuvres resorted to by villany for the purpose of having them arrested at *Varennes*! and so well had this wily woman ingratiated herself with the reigning mob, by testifying her hatred to all that was connected with the Royal Family, that she passed through the atrocities of the revolution, without experiencing a pang of inquietude. As for the Lady herself, I believe in my heart, that her feelings are so blunted, and her conscience so seared with iniquity, as to render her soul impervious to the visitings of compunction.

I little thought one day, that I should have to alter my opinion of this Lady, and be under the necessity of ranking her among the vilest of unprincipled females, having grossly abused the con-

fidence which the martyred KING and QUEEN had reposed in her; and for crowning her infamy, by becoming the *Mistress of the Revels* to the usurper of her master's throne!

Madame CAMPAN has long kept a school, I believe, at *St. Germain*, whither flock the daughters of all those who aim at figuring at court, and where, twice a week, she gives lessons both to males and females how to comport themselves in presence of BONAPARTE and his WIFE on gala-days; the scandalous *Chronicle* adds, that she also provides for *les menus plaisirs de l'Empereur et Roi!*

MERCIER

Is well known in the literary world as the author of *Le Tableau de Paris*, *Mon Bonnet de Nuit*; *Lutece, grande Fille*, and of some dramatic pieces, as *Le Point d'Honneur*; *Le Deserteur, drame*, &c. &c.

I was in habits of great intimacy with this gentleman, one of the most unaffected, the most gentle, and every way amiable of men. Born in Paris, he was educated in that university, and went through his academical course of studies with considerable *éclat*. In process of time, he became Professor of Eloquence, at Bourdeaux, where he was highly esteemed, both on account of his gentle manners, and

the proficiency which his pupils made in the upper forms of the *belles lettres*. When MEROIER returned to his native city, he became a professed author, and lived comfortably on the product of his lucubrations.

When I commenced his acquaintance, he had rooms in a *Hôtel Garni*, in the *Faubourg St. Jacques*, but his general residence was at *Mont Rouge*, a pleasant village, within about a league from Paris. There I dined with him every *Friday*, during three years, as it had been agreed upon: "*sans excepter le vendredi Saint*," said he: "without excepting *Good Friday*." It was impossible not to derive much gratification from the society of so amiable a character, at once so simple, and so well-informed.

I once asked him, what the public opinion was, respecting his *Picture of Paris*, when it was first published; and he told me candidly and with a smile, that the *beau monde* said, he had given the true picture of the play-houses, hospitals, infirmaries, charity-houses, churches, church-yards, the outside of the houses, and of the streets of Paris; in fine, of every part of the metropolis, to which any of the mob could have free access; but that he had totally omitted mentioning the state of polished society in the capital, the *coteries*, the elegant amusements of the great, the manners of the distinguished world, and the magic allurements of the Parisian circles. And the reasons, which they were pleased to

give, said he, for my not mentioning the fashionable follies of the town, (which they so carefully enumerated,) had their origin in *fact*, namely, “*MERCIER, en sa double qualité de pauvre auteur, et d'auteur pauvre, n'avoit pas les grandes entrées dans les maisons comme il faut.*” “*MERCIER, in his double capacity of a poor author, and of a bad writer, was not admitted into the upper circles;*” and the literary critics, continued he, used me, perhaps, with even less ceremony, for they said, “that the whole of my *Tableau de Paris* was a collection of the *exercises*, which I had given to my pupils, while I filled the chair of eloquence at Bourdeaux!” All this, he assured me, made him laugh; but he was differently affected by the conduct of Mr. HOLCROFT, who had translated the *Bonnet de Nuit* into English, without condescending to send him a copy of his original. This was a high misdemeanor in the eyes of a genteel Frenchman, and one that even the gentle MERCIER could not well digest: indeed, it piqued him to the quick.

MERCIER was never married; nor had he, to my knowledge, any illegitimate children, at least any, that I saw, at his house; there was, indeed, a little, ugly, uninteresting young female, who lived with him at *Mont Rouge*, and whom he seemed to keep for charity. This I mention merely to inform those, whom it may concern, that the widow of Mr. H——T is not the daughter of the great

MERCIER, as is generally supposed in England. There was, however, another MERCIER in Paris, and an author of no contemptible powers; but I was not acquainted with him.

MERCIER's dinners were always very plain, but excellent in their kind, and so far classical, as to begin with an *egg* and end with an *apple*; "*ab ovo usque ad malum.*" His Burgundy was of the choicest vintage, of most exquisite flavour, and a hearty welcome crowned his parties with pleasure. He had a very singular way of drinking coffee, which, however, he considered to be equal to the beverage of the Gods; it was the coffee-bean, quite unprepared, on which he ordered boiling water to be poured; such was the *nectar* he preferred, without either of the vulgar accompaniments—*sugar* or *milk*!

MERCIER frequently told me, that he would never lay down his pen, until he should annihilate the horribly immoral practice of lottery-establishments in France. He said he would die happy, if he could see his favourite plan carried into effect, and was convinced, that every other kind of reformation in the state would prove totally unavailing, unless the *lottery system* should be laid prostrate. On BONAPARTE's seizing on the reins of Government, he sent for MERCIER, and asked him whether he had altered his opinion, relative to *lotteries* and the immorality of making them a national concern,

and a source of public revenue, adding, that he had a plan in view respecting such establishments.

MERCIER answered the FIRST CONSUL in the following unequivocal terms: "Citoyen Premier Consul, il y a, pour le moins, vingt quatre ans, que j'écris de mon mieux (que je m'évertue) pour abolir ce fléau de la société civile, et je vous jure, avec tout le respect, que je dois et à vos talens, et à votre valeur, que votre regne ne sera pas heureux, si vous n'abolissez les *loteries* dans le pays!" "Citizen First Consul, I have been writing and labouring hard for, at least, four and twenty years, in order to bring about the abolition of that scourge of civil society; and I swear to you, with all the respect which I owe both to your talents and to your valour, that your reign will not be a happy one, if you do not abolish *lotteries* throughout the country."

"I admire your morality, citizen author, said the Consul, and you have so completely brought me over to your way of thinking, that I have entirely given up a plan, respecting *lotteries*, which I intended carrying into execution *this very morning*:—it was this; knowing that *lotteries* proved very productive to the finances of the State, I had it in contemplation to hold out extraordinary encouragement to those who are in the habit of selling tickets, purchased from Government; and, in order that *morality* should be thoroughly respected, it was my intention to place the whole establishment

under your *upright* guidance, making you a yearly allowance of *six thousand livres*.....but, as on the score of *morality*, you will object, no doubt, to every species of *lottery*, I must look out for some less *scrupulous* citizen, *car il n'en manque point à Paris*, for such abound in our good city of Paris!"

To this MERCIER replied: "Citizen First Consul, you speak a language to me now, to which I have never been accustomed, and I begin to think, that, if the institution of *lotteries* had really any thing intrinsically *immoral* in it, a great, virtuous, and good citizen, like *you*, would not countenance it; and, Citizen First Consul, you place the matter in so *plain* and *tangible* a point of view, that I can no longer resist being of your opinion, nay, I should consider myself as being very deficient in respect towards you, Citizen First Consul, if I did not immediately subscribe to the full extent of your sentiments."

BONAPARTE, smiling, dismissed the author with the title of "*Director in Chief of the Lottery-establishment.*"—" *Quid non mortalia pectora,*" &c.



MARQUIS DE L'ANGLE.

THIS gentleman is advantageously known in the literary world, as having published a most interesting account of his travels into different parts of

continental Europe, and by the accurate and philosophical details of his excursion into Spain, a country, though bordering upon France, but nearly as little known to her inhabitants as the usages among the natives of Nova Zembla, he had secured to himself a very considerable portion of literary celebrity.

The first time I saw the Marquis, I was dining with MERCIER, who welcomed him in his usual strain of good-nature and unaffectedness, but had the misfortune (without intending any, the slightest offence) to say, "*Citoyen, je te salue.*"—"Citizen, I greet thee." This was the greatest indignity that could possibly be offered to the *high* and *puissant* Marquis, who counted thirteen of his ancestors who died in Palestine, fighting under the banners of the church. Poor MERCIER soon saw, by the dejected countenance of the ex-nobleman, that he had introduced the new phraseology rather *mal à propos*, and apologized for what he termed his *gaucherie*. Though M. DE L'ANGLE was well convinced, that his amiable Host was of all men the least capable of giving offence, he did not eat an ounce during dinner, so subdued did he feel by being put in mind of the revolutionary measure, which had annihilated titles of nobility! After dinner, MERCIER, though contrary to polished usage, insisted on his taking a few glasses of delicious wine, saying, classically, "*Monsieur le Marquis, nous ne*

sommes point nés en Thrace, nous n'aurons point de querelle." "We are not Thracians, and do not quarrel in our cups." The Marquis, overcome by the amiable hilarity of his friend, became at length so cool, as to speak of the Revolution and its effects *without shedding tears*, as he really had done when he first took his seat at the table. He inveighed bitterly, to be sure, against the *innovators*, and concluded his *diatribes* with the following asseveration: "La Revolution me réduit à la mendicité; l'on m'a tout pris; mais j'aimerois mille fois mieux perdre toute ma fortune, et qu'on m'eut laissé mon *titre*!" "The Revolution reduces me to beggary; I have been robbed of every thing; but I had much rather lose my whole fortune, than to be deprived of my *title*!"

The Marquis, whose ancestors had fought and bled in the Holy Land, for the very *pious* purpose of rescuing *Jerusalem* from the gripe of the unbelievers, soon after figured in a very different character, from that which I have endeavoured to depict. It was when the *respectable* representatives of the French people decreed, that there was *no God*, that *Death* was an eternal sleep, and that *Reason* alone was worthy of divine worship!

A day was appointed for exhibiting the new-fangled idol: a *prostitute* was to be found, who would represent the *Goddess of Reason* in the most *undisguised* manner. She was to be promenaded

through the principal streets of Paris; and, astonishing to relate, the Most Noble the Marquis de L'ANGLE volunteered his services on the occasion, first, to find a female completely destitute of every recommendation, that can render woman lovely: secondly, to act in the capacity of master of the ceremonies on the important occasion, and, thirdly, in expiation of the crime of being born of aristocratic parents, to marry the harlot, who should lend herself to such a scene of infamy! All of which he performed, thus proving himself a *true Frenchman*, a *weather-cock*, obsequious to the impulse of every gale!

DOCTOR WARNER.

EMINENTLY gratified by my acquaintance with this worthy Gentleman, I possessed the superadded honour of sharing in his esteem; and, as I was highly ambitious to preserve both, I ever took especial care not to utter an expression, relative to the eventful and tremendous scene which was passing before our eyes, well persuaded, that the slightest inuendo against the ruling mob, would have proved fatal to our harmony.

Doctor WARNER, though a learned, a sensible, and a virtuous man, was but a *man* after all; and,

as such, more or less liable to the imperfections of poor human nature. Like most Englishmen, unacquainted with the character of Frenchmen, with their native restlessness, inconstancy, unsteadiness, and frivolity, the Doctor was under the influence of delusion, when he considered such men as MIRABEAU, SIEYÈS, CONDORCET, BRISSOT, LA FAYETTE, and a host of other violent anarchists; as mortals of a superior nature, and as acting under the immediate auspices of Heaven, for the benefit of the human race! But I must repeat it, the gross error of DOCTOR WARNER, and of a thousand other of his countrymen, proceeded from their being unacquainted with France and Frenchmen; and from their not reflecting, that it is physically impossible to pass rapidly and wisely from a state of abject slavery to one of the highest degree of freedom, without possessing the first principles of the blessing aimed at; without, in any manner, being acquainted with the stamina of Liberty. They should have judged otherwise, and considered, that it was *flimsy Frenchmen* who were on the busy scene, and not *steady Englishmen*, long inured to political tempests, and accustomed to weather every storm of the state. But the approvers of French revolutionary measures were those, who would not condescend to compare small things with great; persons who, for instance, would have disdained to think, that a little *Marmouset*, which is a very entertaining animal,

and capable of keeping some personages of rank, as well as people of no rank, nor character at all, continually upon the *broad grin*, while the tiny thing remains confined within the limits of a wholesome chain, becomes the most mischievous and truly terrific imp that can be met with of it's size, when let loose upon society, and very particularly if it once get the taste of *human blood*, with which it is almost impossible to glut it! What an idea, to imagine, that the most treacherous of the *monkey-tribe* could make a rational, a legitimate use of Liberty! How absurd to think, that *Frenchmen*, who while galled with the yoke of oppression, and smarting under the lash of despotism, conceived themselves to be the most free, *the only free people* in the world, and were ever stunning the ears of every foreigner with the exulting exclamation, "*Liberté en France! vive la Liberté Française!*" How could the same Frenchmen become all of a sudden of a different, of a diametrically opposite way of thinking? The prophetic Burke knew the French; and it was because he knew France, Frenchmen, their language, and their usages, that he foretold how the revolution would end, and that a dreadful military despotism would completely cure Frenchmen of aiming at the species of Liberty, for which they were neither prepared by education, nor, indeed, by their nature.

I shall only quote one instance of the violence of Doctor WARNER's political principles, and from the specimen a tolerable notion may be collected of his revolutionary enthusiasm.

According to my daily custom, I rose at a very early hour on the memorable twenty-first of June, and having a private ticket, which admitted me at all hours into the Palace-gardens, I was proceeding to take my usual walk, when I perceived LA FAYETTE, mounted on his milk-white steed, (which the arch Parisians called *le cheval blanc de l'apocalypse*,) and having in his front, on his flanks, and in his rear, his accustomed guard, namely, the *sovereign canaille*. On inquiring the news, I was told, "*Le gueux est parti avec la sacrée famille !*" "The wretch is gone with all his *damnable* family !" (The word *sacrée*, when placed before or after the substantive, has an entirely opposite meaning in French on many occasions.) I hastened to Doctor WARNER's, highly delighted that the Royal Family had escaped from their jailers, and I communicated the intelligence—" *Damn the miscreants ! have they escaped ? well, that they may be brought back to Paris before evening, and be guillotined before to-morrow morning, are the two wishes next to my heart !*" I made my bow and decamped.

Who would, or could think, that an English Clergyman, who was at that moment *Chaplain* to Lord GOWER, the representative, the very worthy and dig-

nified representative of his BRITANNIC MAJESTY at the Court of France, was capable of expressing himself in a manner so truly unbecoming, and on such an awful occasion, when, perhaps, the destiny of the world depended upon the consequences of the event, which I had related?

Some English wags in Paris pretended, that Doctor WARNER was not the Ambassador's Chaplain, but had been appointed Chaplain to the Embassy, through a manœuvre of the opposition! be that, however, as it may, the ambassador and the chaplain agreed only upon one topic, namely, upon the divine truths which the Doctor announced, every Sunday, with all the unction of his heart, in the Ambassador's chapel, *Rue St. Dominique*.

"Sed paulo majora canamus."

The Doctor had frequently asked me to present him to MERCIER, and I as often told him, that I had the amiable author's permission to introduce any English gentleman, who might wish to do him the honour of a visit; but that the "*conditio sine qua non*" was, that he should stop and dine with him. A day was appointed, and I had the gratification of bringing two great men together. The Doctor, like Doctor PRICE, and other admirers of French politics, could not speak a single word of French. but MERCIER said very classically, "It does not signify, *Latin* will answer every purpose."—"Very

true," said I, "but then you will not be able to understand *three* out of *twenty* words, which the Doctor may have to say in Latin, from the circumstance of the English pronouncing the vowels differently from all the other nations of the earth, and to write down every idea would prove fatiguing; thus circumstanced, I offer myself to you in the capacity of a friendly interpreter in French." These preliminaries being agreed upon by both parties, I prepared myself to say a great number of *witty things*—at second-hand. MERCIER asked the Doctor how he liked the transactions of revolutionary Frenchmen? The answer was, "*They are sublime, but rather too gentle.*" "*We shall mend as we proceed,*" said our host. "*I hope so,*" replied the Chaplain to the embassy, *but delays are dangerous.*" *Monsieur l'aumonier, est-il Gentilhomme,* (a Nobleman,) asked MERCIER? For the sake of a laugh, I told the Doctor, that our friend wished to know if he was a *Gentleman*. "Pray, tell him," said he, "that, were I not one, I should not have obtruded myself upon him;" but, in order to relieve the Divine from his visible embarrassment, I explained the different meaning of the word *Gentilhomme*, (whence is evidently derived our English term *Gentleman*;) in both languages, stating, that in French it uniformly signified a *Nobleman*. "Very well," interrupted he, "inform M. MERCIER that, in *that* sense, I thank God I am not a *Gentilhomme*; and you may superadd, that,

in our country, the title *Gentleman* implies intrinsic merit; that it is a rank and a distinguished one, which even Majesty can neither confer, nor take away: you may proceed farther and say, that we cannot pay a higher compliment to the present Heir Apparent to the throne, than when we pronounce him *the finest Gentleman in his Father's dominions*: a *Gentleman* with us, in fine, is a well-educated individual, who is acquainted with and adheres scrupulously to the received maxims of society." "In that case," replied our friend, "but few of our French Nobility were *Gentlemen*!" "They were something like ours," said Doctor WARNER, "*sui generis*." "No," continued he, "Virtue is no more hereditary, than vice; but for a moment, let us suppose it to be so on the *father's* side, may not a *mother* come between to mar the whole race!"

"..... Search we the springs,
 And backward trace the principle of things;
 There shall we find, that, when the world began,
 One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
 One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
 And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
 The same Almighty Power inspir'd the frame
 With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same;
 The faculties of intellect and will
 Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill;
 Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill.

Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
 The difference that distinguish'd man from man ;
 He claim'd no title from descent of blood ;
 But that, which made him noble, made him good.
 Warm'd with more particles of heav'nly flame,
 He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame ;
 The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name. }
 This law, though custom now divert the course,
 As Nature's institute, is yet in force :
 Uncancell'd, though disus'd ; 'and he, whose mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;
 Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
 And he commits the crime, who calls him base."

After having interpreted this tirade, with all the pathos with which I knew the Doctor intended it should be conveyed, MERCIER exclaimed, "*Bravo !* I now see there was no necessity on my part to be apprehensive of offending the Doctor by speaking lightly of the *noblesse* ; for I perceive I am but a school-boy to him. I recollect a poetical trifle," continued he, " on the same subject ; it may awake a smile on the brow of *Monsieur l'Aumonier* :

' D'Adam nous sommes tous enfans,
 La preuve en est connuë ;
 Et que tous nos premiers parens
 Out mené la Charruë.

Mais las de cultiver enfin
 Leur terre labourée :
 L'un a détellé le matin,
 L'autre l'après dinée.' "

I informed the Chaplain to the embassy, that the idea was merely this:—We are all the offspring of Adam; our forefathers followed the plough, but some of them soon got tired of rural occupations, and unyoked *early* in the morning,—*this is the origin of Nobility*; others stopped in the field, until it was *later* in the day, and then unyoked,—*this is the origin of the hewers of wood and fetchers of water*. The Doctor laughed, and shook MERCIER by the hand.

The original lines will, perhaps, bear the following translation:

“ Sprung from one common source, ev’n pride allows;
Our sires guided their carts, or held their ploughs:
Tired with their rustic toils, some late, some soon,
These in the *morn* unyok’d, those, *afternoon*.”

We sat down to dinner, and the Doctor, who was a great *gourmet*, had already given a favourable opinion of the author’s Burgundy, when, unfortunate to relate, a note from the Hôtel summoned him to *Rue St. Dominique* on matters of importance. The Doctor sent back a laconic billet, and did not stop much more than a quarter of an hour after the messenger. MERCIER, the Chaplain, and myself, were not a little disappointed at this *contre tems*, but were unanimous in thinking, that private gratification should always yield to public duty. I accompanied the Doctor to Paris, and it poured rain upon

us without ceasing, from the time we left *Mont Rouge*, until we reached the *Invalids*, that is to say, for three long English miles; but nothing could damp the Chaplain's ardour, while he expressed his admiration of our friend's easy manners, refined ideas, and above all, of his *politics*, which, however, he thought upon the whole, were *too moderate*.

I should not have thus expatiated on Doctor WARNER's violent principles, had I not *data* to go upon, which prove, that, within two years from the period alluded to, he solemnly recanted them all, that is to say, when the delusion was over; when he saw, that Frenchmen were no more calculated for the fruitions of liberty, than the mischievous monkey to be unfettered, or the blood-thirsty tiger to roam abroad uncontrolled. The Doctor paid to French liberty the dreadful tribute of eighteen months imprisonment at *Bologne*. Such was the recompense awarded him for his belief in French excellence!

Like all British subjects, who hasten to *America* in quest of *Liberty*, and who, on their landing there, soon discover that they left it *behind* them in England; so the English admirers of the early operations of the French revolution found, when it was too late completely to redeem their character, that they had applauded what they did not comprehend.—“They had given too much for their whistle,” in the language of FRANKLIN.

MADEMOISELLE ANGÉLIQUE DUFOUR.

HOWEVER anxious I be to avoid speaking of myself, I must relate a circumstance in which I was individually, and almost *fatally* concerned, as it is introductory to the interesting story of the heroic female, whose name graces the front of this article.

It was on the *third of September*, one of those never-to-be-forgotten days, when the streets of the French capital were running with human gore, and the revolutionary tribunals emulously contending which should slaughter the greatest number of victims in cold blood, I was on the *Carousel* near the Palace, and, apprehensive of a heavy shower of rain, had sought shelter in a small adjoining coffee-house. Scarcely had I been seated, when an infuriate mob happened to pass, carrying with them, on a pike, the head of the Princess de LAMBALLE, with which they had just been at a *hair-dresser's* for the purpose of *perfuming* and *curling* it! The spectacle so operated on my feelings, that I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Que de graces n'ai je point à rendre à Dieu, de ne m'avoir pas fait François!" "How grateful should I not be to the Almighty, for not having made me a Frenchman!" The phrase was too idiomatical and too expressive not to be noticed. There were in the room, besides myself and the woman of the house, who was in the bar, four of the

Parisian National Guard, three of whom, after some colloquy between themselves, drew their bayonets, and declared me their prisoner, while the fourth, with the hostess, went in quest of a stronger, a more formidable reinforcement. In a few minutes after a serjeant's guard appeared, and took me under it's tutelary wing.

The serjeant, who did not pride himself on an *aristocracy of literature*, told me, that, as he could not write his own name, he could not be expected to know how to write mine, and desired me to do it myself; I was all obedience. "Now," said he, "you must *read* it for me," '*pour que je ne passe point pour une f—ue bête au comité;*' 'that I may not be taken for a downright ass by the committee.' The next question was, to what *section* (*ward*) I belonged. I mentioned the name of the street in which I resided, "*Rue Notre Dame des Victoires,*" but as the sections had been newly named, I could not tell to which I owed civic obedience more particularly; nor did this seem strange to the serjeant, who, though a zealous Jacobin, did not know in what section he lived himself. "Mais pour couper court," said he, "we shall take him from one section to another, until some one *owns* him;" that was promising me a processional promenade through all Paris; but, after having been rejected by three tribunals, that of *La Samaritaine*, upon the *Pont Neuf*, had the *charity* to adopt me. I must here observe, that, during my

peregrination through the blood-stained streets, I was carefully attended by the mistress of the coffee-house, and the other national prosecutor. They individually stated, that I had spoken disrespectfully of the *sovereign people of France*, and I was recorded as such in the volume, which I deemed the *Book of Fate*. That ceremony being over, and there being heads of greater importance than mine to be disposed of, I was shoved into a corner most cavalierly, there to remain "*durante bene placito*." It was then about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

An old woman, who looked like a decent servant, was on her *trial*, if such an expression be allowed on such an occasion. From what I could collect of her, she was guilty of the high crime of saying, that she was proud of her name (*Le Roi*), and that the very sound of it gladdened her heart. "*Ouï, Messieurs, j'aime ce nom-là*;" "Yes, *Gentlemen*, I am partial to the name." The poor old woman was here called to order by the presiding executioner, and told that her judges were *Citizens* and not *Gentlemen*; "*eh bien Citoyens, qui n'êtes point Messieurs j'ai le Roi dans mon cœur; et faites de moi ce que vous voudrez*." "Well, *Citizens*, who are *not Gentlemen*, I bear the *King* in my heart; act towards me, as you think proper." "Qu'on la conduise à la sainte guillotine,"—"let her be taken instant to execution." Exit the old woman, smiling!

At this moment 'glided' into the Hall what appeared to every one present as a celestial *vision*, which had condescended to assume the human form, and something of it's attire. It was a figure, beautiful beyond description, clad in white, with a veil thrown loosely over it's head and shoulders; it seemed to belong to a superior region, and to have been sent from above on some important mission; connected with justice and mercy.

She (for she was of *flesh* and *blood*, the most fascinating model) approached the sanguinary tribunal, unattended, and addressed the lawless judges in the following terms :

" Citizens, for I understand that it is thus you wish to be styled, I do not come here a common suppliant ; I come for the purpose of soliciting what you are ready to grant to all, and of which you have been so prodigal these three days past, that you have been playing the part of judges—in fine, Citizens I come to beg for *death* at your hands; and in order to show you how deserving I am of it at *this* tribunal, I shall relate succinctly the circumstances which caused me to perpetrate what you will, no doubt, consider the greatest of crimes.

" The Chevalier de Bussr was the friend of my heart, and he rewarded me with his best affections. Both our families suffered greatly by the revolution, but they still kept up the closest intercourse; and the more effectually to cement the subsisting

union, it was decided, that the Chevalier should be my husband, and that *to-day*, the 3d of September, we were to receive the nuptial blessing at the foot of the altar!

“ My lover disappeared suddenly on the 28th of last month, to the great astonishment and infinite regret of both families, already so intimately united by the bonds of friendship. I shall abstain from mentioning my own personal feelings on the occasion, lest it should protract my narrative, which I am anxious to compress.

“ Yesterday evening about nine o'clock, I went up stairs to my bed-chamber, and, on my entering it, found myself violently seized, and that my candle was extinguished. Indignation, which had stopped my utterance, and prevented me from alarming the house, suggested to me the happy idea of searching my pockets for my pen-knife. I found it, and plunged it with all my might into the breast of the wretch who had presumed to invade my honour. As he fell, he let me go, and I hastened to the stair-head to call up our servants. The apartment was soon full, and the criminal found swimming in his blood. The servants knew him to be one of the *imps* of the *police* who had frequently been at our house in that capacity on domiciliary visits. He was taken away to his lodgings.—But the following is the solution of the *ænigma*:

“Overcome by bodily and mental fatigue, I withdrew to rest before my usual hour, carefully locked the door, and had one of the maids to sleep in my room. I fell asleep—delightful, but too transitory slumber! My lover appeared to me, while I slept, bloody, pale, and disfigured, but still my lover. ‘Angelica,’ exclaimed he with vehemence, ‘I owe my death to him, whom you have deprived of life; his name is **HERSAIN**; he is an agent of the police; if thou love me, go and accuse thyself; speak out boldly, and say that he is no more, while I await thee on the ghastly tomb of death.’ Such is my story; cause the fact relating to **HERSAIN** to be verified, and give orders for my execution—blessed anticipation! My name is **ANGELICA DUFOUR**, my age seventeen!”

This Heroine, attended by gens d’armes, flushed with the conscious dignity of virtue, quitted the Hall amidst the tears and sighs of all those who had heard her artless narrative, and who were not callous to the noble expandings of a generous but evidently a distempered mind. I was afterwards informed, that she died with equal fortitude and composure—an admirable monument of virtue, and of legitimate love!

I remained stationary in my corner, until about two o’clock in the afternoon, when the President of the guilty court, a little, ugly, insignificant looking wretch, came to me, and asked me whether

I was acquainted with the *Department* of the *Thames*? This he asked in much better *English* than we are accustomed to hear from foreigners. My answer was at once ready, laconic, and true: "I said, that I knew the *Department* well; and, were I master of the *Department* of the *Seine*, that I would willingly give it to be, at that precise moment, on the top of *Primrose-Hill*." He desired me to follow him, and I obeyed. He took me into a small closet, where there was room only for one chair, but I had the *consolation* of having a good view of the *Seine*, as far as the *Tuilleries*. He ordered me to sit down, and inquired if I could exhibit any paper which might tend to extenuate the *treason* of which I had been guilty, in traducing the most magnanimous of all nations. Thus circumstanced, I availed myself of the only expedient which was likely to prove advantageous to me. I informed my friend *au bonnet rouge*, that I had, for some months, conducted a paper in the *English* language, entitled "*The Paris Mercury*;" that on account of the fair statement I had given of the popular movement on the 10th of August, Citizen PETION, the Mayor of Paris, had, unsolicited by me, sent me a certificate of approbation, which I took care to place, together with the translation, in the first page of the paper; I superadded, that I never quitted my hotel since that period, without being duly armed with my civic recommendation. I handed

him the paper, which he put into his pocket, after having perused the certificate alluded to, and saying, "This document will certainly tend to exculpate you; but above all, let your French, during the trial, be as much *d'Angloise* as possible." After these instructions, he went out of the closet, locked the door, took the key with him, and left me a prey to the most *sombre* meditations.

I shall here observe, *en passant*, that the account which I gave of the sanguinary transactions of the 10th of August, was comprised in fewer than *ten lines*. Trembling at the idea of the horrors which I had witnessed, I dismissed the mournful subject in the fewest possible words; but it was because they were unaccompanied by any species of comment, that a friend (Mr. Muir, to whom I had never opened my lips) asked PETION to send me a *certificat de civisme*, of which I most eagerly availed myself, by causing the French original, with the version, to be printed at the head of each paper.

About ten o'clock, by *la Samaritaine*, I was called forth from the region of darkness in order to enter the hall of iniquity. Notwithstanding my *natural aversion* to the guillotine, I walked in, I trust, without any *apparent* perturbation of mind—the "*mens sibi conscia recti*" supported me, and inspired me with a degree of fortitude equal to the importance of the crisis.

My *advocate*, not inattentive to my fate, noticed my *insouciance*, and looking around, exclaimed, "*Here is a foreigner, who is calling upon his accusers to stand forth against him.*" My prosecutrix desired to be heard; and with much volubility of tongue, to my great astonishment, accused me of having made use of the very expressions I had uttered on seeing the ghastly head of the murdered Princess. I was put upon my defence, and the better to counteract the malevolent intentions of my evil genius, I succeeded to admiration in speaking barbarous French. I was never deficient in giving a nominative case to an infinitive mood; in placing the pronoun, being the case of the verb, *after* the verb; in using the disjunctive instead of the conjunctive pronoun, &c.; but it was in the placing of adjectives *before* or *after* substantives, by which the sense becomes totally altered, that my "*curiosa felicitas*" was signally displayed. In my *peroration*, however, (if it be allowed to me so to dignify the conclusion of my defence,) I eminently distinguished myself by the *inaccuracy* of my phraseology. Wishing my judges to be impressed with the idea, that my prosecutrix would have been more *laudably* and *prudently* employed in attending to her domestic concerns than in wrongfully and wantonly accusing me, I used the following sentence: "*Si cette femme étoit un sage femme, elle avoir soin de son petit affaire au lieu de produire moi ici;*" which signifies, "If this

woman was a *midwife*, (*sage* being placed before the substantive giving it that sense,) she would be attending her own little affairs, and not *bringing me into the world in presence of so many people*." This awoke something like a smile on the brow of the members of the Pandæmonium, and gave my ill-looking advocate an opportunity of urging the impossibility of my uttering a phrase, such as I had been accused of; to this plea he superadded the laconic, and *unadorned*, printed account which I had given in my journal to the transactions of the 10th of August.

I was acquitted *avec acclamation*; I triumphed, and I may add, not without glory, for the danger by which I was surrounded, was great, was imminent. In an instant, my *défenseur officieux*, as the phrase then ran, was by my side, and, under his tutelary wing, I had soon the unspeakable satisfaction of finding myself on the outside of the *hall of blood*. From my conductor, my advocate, my deliverer, I begged to learn to whom, under Providence, I stood indebted for my life. His answer was as follows: "It becomes thee to be silent and to be thankful; but I shall tell thee that I was once hurried, goaded on by despair, in the very act of throwing myself into the *Thames*, near *Greenwich*, when a charitable hand arrested me vigorously, and prevented the completion of my intention; my unknown friend took me to an inn, where he prevailed upon me to relate my tale of unaffected woe, which so

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operated on his humane propensities, that after quitting me for about a quarter of an hour, he put, on his return to the inn, *forty guineas* into my hand, trusting that that sum would answer the existing purposes. It is therefore to that worthy Englishman, who restored me to long-lost happiness and to my country, that thou owest thy life—*Va-t-cu !*”

A ROUND ABOUT WAY TO GET INTO NEWGATE.

AMONG the eccentric English, whom I happened to know in Paris, was one truly remarkable. He came over for the avowed purpose of detailing the political transactions of the day, and the following were the *rare qualifications* which he possessed, in order to succeed in his undertaking.

He did not understand a solitary phrase of *French*, either oral or printed; and had he even been as well versed as a lettered Frenchman in that idiom, he was so *deaf*, that he could not converse in it. His dress and address were both so *antigalican*, that they always proved a bar to procure him a *passport* into society: moreover his *breath* but *the less that gets abroad, the better*: Suffice it then only to affirm, that, though this great writer conceived himself to be the *pink* of political authors, he was not amongst the *flowers* which waste much

of their *fragrance* on the desert air ! It will very naturally be asked how, under such positive disadvantages, he could collect matter for his political disquisitions. The answer is at hand : He would wait with the utmost degree of *sang froid*, and philosophical equanimity, the coming in of the British mail, which arrived twice each week in Paris ; he then immediately would take post in an obscure coffee-house, where some vile London papers were taken in, such as "*The Courier*," "*The Argus*," &c. &c. &c. and it was from these sinks of corruption, that he derived, *in the centre of Paris*, his *precious* information, concerning the transactions which were actually taking place on the banks of the Seine. In fine, our *flowery* politician returned to England, published the gleanings of "*The Courier*," &c. and thus secured himself a pretty long residence in *Newgate*, alias, *the Hotel of Reflections*.



ARGUMENTUM RACULINUM !

A CERTAIN *Benedict*, not many leagues from Canterbury, had a very pretty wife, but withal as great a *virago* as the spouse and sister of Jove. He had also two friends, to whose advice he was resolved to resort in his moments of tribulation,

for he was sorely galled by the *weight* and *friction* of the matrimonial *chain*. The three friends met; the plaintiff opened his unenviable case, and excited correspondent feelings in the bosom of his friendly hearers, *Doctor LAUDANUM*, the Apothecary, and *Doctor SQUILLS*, the Druggist.

The Apóthecary, or, in the more fashionable phraseology, *Doctor LAUDANUM*, taking the demerits of the case into serious consideration, emphatically exhorted the new-married man so to contrive it, as not to give her any of his company in the *day time*, but never to absent himself at *night* from the nuptial bed.

Benedict, smiling, preferred that to the idea of separating himself from her for ever, so fascinating were her personal attractions! but he would have the opinion of *Doctor SQUILLS*, the Druggist, who advised him, above all things, to conceal from his *Xantippe*, that he would experience any, the least, reluctance in abandoning her to herself, and to her capricious humour, as a just return for her overbearing disposition; "On the contrary," super-added the *Doctor Druggist*, "constitute yourself master at home, and make her *feel* unequivocally that you are no longer inclined to put up with her impertinence, otherwise you will be a stranger to peace within your walls, and your house will be as another hell to you."

Benedict sanctioned this striking argument with his approbation, gave *three and sixpence* for a *Bamboo*, and lived *happy* !

COURTS.

I NEITHER recollect where I found the following French sonnet, nor the name of it's author, but I well remember, that I read it in manuscript, with the following *liberal* observation upon it. "Le mauvais plaisant, qui a fait ces tristes vers, a mérité pour le moins le fouët." "The wag, who composed this wretched stuff, deserved to be, at least, well flogged."

"Je me ris des honneurs, que tout le monde envie ;
Je méprise des grands le plus charmant accueil ;
J'évite les palais comme on fait un écueil,
Où, pour un de sauvé, mille perdent la vie.

Je fuis la cour des grands autant qu'elle est suivie,
Le Louvre me paroît un superbe cercueil,
La pompe, qui le suit, une pompe de deuil
Où chacun doit pleurer sa liberté ravie.

Loin de ce grand écueil, loin de ce grand tombeau,
Je renferme en moi-même un empire plus beau :
Rois, cours, honneurs, palais, tout est en ma puissance,
Pouvant ce que je veux, voulant ce que je puis,
Et vivant sous les loix de mon indépendance,
Enfin.....les Rois sont Rois.....je suis ce que je suis."

Now, in order that the English reader may decide, whether it was the *author* or the *critic*, who deserved chastisement, a translation is added :

"Honours I mock, which wake pale envy's eye,
And grandeur's hollow courtesies I spurn ;
From palaces as from a rock I turn,
Where, for one rescu'd seaman, thousands die.

Eager as others follow, courts I fly :
To me the Louvre stands a mighty urn ;
And all its gaudy train, as those who mourn—
Well may they mourn their ravish'd liberty !

Far from this fatal rock, this yawning grave
I, in myself, a nobler empire have :
Courts, honours, princes, palaces are mine—
My will and power adapted mutually,
To independence I my life resign :
Princes but Princes are—myself am I !"

TACITUS had a correct conception of the fleeting nature of a favourite's influence, when he said, "It is the fate of courtiers not to be long in favour, either, because princes get tired of them after they have granted them every thing ; or, because the favourites themselves get tired of the princes, when they have no more *grants* to expect from their *prodigality*."

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

BENEFICENCE is a duty as indispensable as any which the laws of the land impose; it is an act of justice, to which reason itself, as well as policy, urges and impels us; and why should not reason be the supreme rule of beings, denominated rational? "What!" some will say, "are we to anticipate the wants of our neighbour? What! are we to release him from the mortification of supplicating our assistance? Are those duties, to which reason obliges us?" No doubt—it is a right which humanity demands, nor can we free ourselves from the pious obligation, without violating the hallowed principle, which stands as the text to this article. Society is upheld by an uninterrupted circulation of kindness; we live in order to advantage our neighbour; for not one of us is in such a state of independence on our fellow-creatures, as not one day to need his aid and support; the most slenderly endowed may contribute abundantly to the common good.

"*Do as you would be done by,*" is the golden rule by which Lady JOHNSTONE, of *Hackness*, squares her benevolent conduct: there is not a day, on which she does not comment *practically* upon it; and as her Ladyship possesses the very rare talent of knowing how to confer favours with a good grace, the objects of her benevolence receive without confusion, and do not blush because they are dependent.

In no instance, perhaps, is the bounteous care of Providence towards mankind so triumphantly manifested, as when it endows the opulent with a heart, cast in the mould of sensibility, and overflowing with the refined workings of benevolence.



CATULLUS.

"Tantum parva suo debet Verona CATULLO,
Quantum magna suo Mantua VIRGILIO."

HAD the muse of the Veronese bard been as chaste as Virgil's, *Mantua* and *Verona* would have been nearly upon a par in point of celebrity. The pretty sayings of CATULLUS, his lively turn of thought, his exquisitely endearing expressions, his "*curiosa felicitas*," are not, with regard to elegance and taste, in any respect inferior to the pomp and majesty of the Mantuan swan; but his licentious freedoms, his unwarrantable deviations from decency, degrade him as a man: so true it is, that when the poet allows his imagination to overstep the boundaries of decorum, he becomes a nuisance in, instead of being an ornament of society!

Among the unexceptionable compositions of CATULLUS, may, perhaps, be pre-eminently ranked his pious effusions at the *tomb of his Brother*, his "*Coma Berenices*," and his "*Carmen de Atty*." To the first I am particularly partial.

DE INFERIIS AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

" Multas per gentes et multa per æquora vectus
 Advenio has miseras, Frater, ad inferias ;
 Ut te postremo donarem munera mortis
 Et mutum ne quicquam alloquerer cinerem ;
 Quando quidem fortuna mihi te abstulit ipsum :
 Heu miser indignè Frater adempte mihi !
 Nunc tamen interea prisco quæ more parentum
 Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
 Accipe fraterno multùm manantia fletu,
 Atque in perpetuum, Frater, ave, atque vale."

Paraphrased in French.

SUR LE TOMBEAU DE SON FRERE.

N'ai-je donc traversé tant de vastes deserts,
 Tant de lieux inconnus, de fleuves et de mers,
 Que pour parler en vain aux cendres de mon Frere ;
 Dont le destin, à mon bonheur contraire,
 Lorsque je vole à son secours,
 S'est hâté de finir les jours ?
 Cher Frere, puisqu' enfin la Parque trop cruelle
 T'enlève aux soins qu'eût pris mon amitié fidelle,
 Frere digne d'un meilleur sort,
 Reçois du moins après ta mort
 Les pitoyables offices,
 Qu'à tes manes chéris vont rendre mes douleurs.
 Puisse, touché de mes pleurs
 Le Dieu du Stix être propice,
 Dans ce funeste lieu,
 Puisse tu trouver quelques charmes,
 Et voir qu'en te disant un éternel adieu,
 Je fais nager tes cendres dans mes larmes.

In English.

ON HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

Through various realms, o'er various seas I come,
To see that each due sacrifice be paid,
To bring my last sad offering to the tomb,
And thy mute dust invoke, fraternal shade !

Yes, hapless Brother ! since the hand of Fate
Hath snatch'd thee ever from my longing sight,
As us'd our ancestors in solemn state,
I'll bring each mystic gift, each fun'ral rite.

With many a tear I will the ground bedew—
Spirit of him I lov'd, those tears receive !
Spirit of him I valu'd most, adieu !
Adieu to him, who sleeps in yonder grave.

IMPERIAL GRATITUDE.

BELISARIUS was in plenary possession of his Imperial Master's confidence ; he had won it by his achievements in the field, and by the wisdom of the counsel which he gave in the cabinet ; for he was not only a great Captain, but a consummate Statesman ; his head and heart were formed for mighty things, which the enemies of the empire more than once experienced : but as rust attaches itself to the most polished steel, and noxious worms do irrepa-

able injury to the most precious wood, so does corroding Envy pursue desert, until it has caused its downfall: Envy was the only foe, which the virtue and talents of BELISARIUS could not disarm; nay, it was the only foe, that could subdue him by depriving him of the well-earned confidence of his august Master. This Hero is, perhaps, the most memorable instance of a successful General being banished the court, and from the summit of power of being precipitated into an abyss of wretchedness, without having the shadow of a crime imputed to him. The treatment which BELISARIUS experienced, should serve as an awful memento to all those who are placed on the pinnacle of princely favour.

“Mortel, foible mortel, toi, dont le sort prospère
Fait goûter de ses dons les charmes dangereux;
Connois quelle est des Rois la faveur passagère;
Contemple BELISAIRE.....tremble d’être heureux!”

Frail mortal, thou, who soar’st / n Fortune’s wings,
By grandeur courted, and / y power carest,
O learn how fleeting are the smiles of Kings,
View BELISARIUS, and with fear be blest!

AN Irish Gentleman, more remarkable for his frank disposition, and his intimacy with the classics, than for his worldly wit, being taken to task by a

great man, in whose presence he had declared, that a Member of Parliament, who voted against the dictates of his conscience, in order to promote a Ministerial measure, merited to be hooted out of society, thus defended his assertion :

“CRASSUS, my Lord! was aiming at the Consulship, and walking one day with SCÆVOLA, his illustrious father-in-law, but not presuming to canvass, that is to say, my Lord, to flatter, to smile at, and to cringe to the people, in the presence of so virtuous an observer, begged of the honest man to withdraw, saying, ‘Do not imagine, that your company is a favour done to me at this particular time, for you prevent me from obtaining the dignity to which I am aspiring, because I cannot, for the soul of me, show myself a *knave* in your presence.’ ‘Quæso, Muci, paulispèr abscedas, nec comitatu tuo honestari putes; impedis honorem meum, te spectante *nehulo* esse non possum!’

CRASSUS, though a brazen character in his day, would be deemed a paragon of modesty in our *Anno Domini*, when candidates for *places* under Government, and for *pews* in a certain chapel, have not grace enough to blush at any thing, “*through thick and thin*,” being their motto; be that, however, as it may, the Hibernian, who was a Lieutenant of cavalry, and the senior of that rank in the regiment, was encouraged by his Lordship to expect being promoted to a troop, then

vacant, and which his scanty finances would not allow him to purchase; but his unfortunate dissertation on parliamentary *tactics* gave the *coup de grace* to all his hopes in that quarter! About two years after, the classical Lieutenant was killed in making a *reconnoissance* towards Lisle.

A ROYAL PUN.

LOUIS XVI. on his accession to the throne, lived in habits of close intimacy with his relative the DUKE of ORLEANS, not yet conspicuous for infamy. The Duke had a great predilection for England, and very frequently visited our metropolis. The King asked him one day whence arose his partiality, "Pourquoi allez vous si souvent en Angleterre," said his Majesty? "Why do you go so often to England?" "J'y vais," answered the Prince, "pour apprendre à penser;" "I go thither for the purpose of learning to think." "Penser; oui," retorted the King, "pour apprendre à *panser* *les chevaux*." *Penser* is to think, and *panser les chevaux*, is to look after horses, to brush and curry them!

NOTHING astonished the great naturalist PLINY, so much, as the idea of making an inebriating liquor

by the fermentation of grain in water; he considered it as an innate propensity to vice, even to make the attempt.—“How great, how excessive,” said he, “must their love for debauchery be, when they try in what manner the same effects may be produced with water as with wine.” “Heu miravitorum solertia! inventum est quemadmodum aqua quoque inebriaret!” *Ill-starred philosopher*, who slipped off this terrestrial ball, without being acquainted with the luxury contained in a bottle of porter! *Ill-fated man*, to have lived before the reign of the *mighty Calverts*, and of the *puissant Whitbreads*; those *heroes in grain*, if not in spirit!

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CHURCH, AND ITS RESURRECTION.

In a county, inclining westward from the capital, lives a noble and beneficent Lord, who is deserving, and in full fruition of every wish in which his heart can indulge. He and his estimable partner, however, had long to lament, that their union was not blest with an heir to their illustrious title, and to their immense possessions; but the time came, when they were gratified to the extent of their desires—a little cherub made his appearance, and diffused

joy unutterable through the castle, and the vicinage.

In due time, cards of invitation to a brilliant *fête* were issued, and despatched to all the families of condition for twenty miles round. The preparations for the christening were immense, and kept pace with the high degree of felicity which the noble parents experienced. The newspaper editors took up the topic, and, as usual, exhausted it, telling, by anticipation, many a *lie en passant*, agreeably to their *immemorial practice*.

The child was a quarter old, when the *fête* took place. Upwards of two hundred people of fashion sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the grand saloon, while two other tables were profusely laid out elsewhere for his Lordship's farmers and tenantry. Her Ladyship had a near relation, an *Arch-deacon*, and he attended to perform the baptismal ceremony, which, unfortunately for him, did not take place till *after dinner*, when, no doubt, elated on the joyous occasion, he quaffed more copiously of the "*Tuscan grape*," than the duty, which he had to perform, seemed to warrant. He took his *Ritual*—let it fall;—it was handed to him again—he turned over the leaves, and at length came to the burial service; "*I am the resurrection*," said he, and immediately, his feet slipping, fell under the table! He was soon lifted up by two brawny footmen. As soon as he was on his legs, he again grasped the

book, which unluckily opened at the same place, and read, "*I am.....the.....resurrection, the.....resurrection,*" when, turning to the noble Mother, he exclaimed, "*I don't know how it happens, my Lady; but in all my practice.....my practice, I never found a child so hard.....so hard to be baptized; I don't indeed.*" The noble pair ashamed of the transaction, had the Arch-priest conveyed to bed, and, in the absence of the Vicar, sent for the poor Curate of the parish, who baptized the child, and received from his Lordship a *rouleau* of fifty guineas, as a *douceur*!



GENERAL EARL OF MOIRA.

It to be in the plenary enjoyment of public esteem for patriotic virtues; if to have secured the suffrages of every order of society by amiable qualifications, and philanthropic endeavours to alleviate the harsh destiny of the *necessitous*; if, in fine, to be looked up to as the fairest model of all that is great and excellent, can constitute as much unalloyed felicity as falls to the lot of man on this side of Heaven, the illustrious character, whose name stands in front of, and adorns the present article, is the happiest mortal in existence; for, not only the breath of *Slander* has not presumed to sully his reputation, in any of the relations of life, but every voice is lifted up in

his praise, and the language of *panegyric* may be said to be exhausted in his favour.

As a Scholar, and a refined Gentleman, he stands pre-eminent: as a *General*, he is conceived to possess, in a high degree, all the various talents, which must unite in order to excel as a leader of an army. When young, this illustrious descendant of HASTINGS gave the most unequivocal proofs of his powers, not only as an undaunted *soldier*, but as a skilful *officer*; and his conduct, during the American war, as an energetic partizan, stands honourably recorded in the annals of Britain.

When, through the defection of our mercenary allies, or the mismanagement of our war-resources, the *Liliputian*, British army, under the command of His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK, seemed to be abandoned to it's fate, on it's retreat through *Brabant*, the EARL of MOIRA arrived from England, at the head of a chosen band of heroes, and, by an operation which will be long remembered to his credit, succeeded in rescuing the gallant DUKE from the imminent peril in which he stood, surrounded by an hostile army, at least six times superior in numbers to his! It was the great General PICHEGRU who was *outwitted* on the occasion; and I afterwards often heard that good man, and excellent judge of military manœuvres, say in London, that LORD MOIRA's junction with the DUKE of YORK, in *Brabant*, was an operation, for which the first and

most eminent of the CÆSARS would have taken pride to himself.

The following curious story was current at our head-quarters, on the occasion of the EARL of MOIRA being sent to the relief of the DUKE of YORK.

His Lordship, then unmarried, had three or four friends to dine with him in town. The conversation of course turned on the state of the DUKE of YORK, completely hemmed in by the enemy in Brabant: the position was deemed by every one desperate, by every one except the noble Earl, who declared, that, if the Minister gave him 8000 men, ready to sail in four days, he would effect the grand purpose! This was a bold assertion, but it was made by a man of high honour, not a *gascoon*!

One of his Lordship's guests (as the story went) took early leave, and, as it afterwards proved, hastened to Downing-street, where he communicated to the greatest of Ministers the bold affirmation of the illustrious Earl. Mr. PITT, though not in habits of strict friendship, or even intimacy with the General, hurried to St. James's Place, had himself immediately announced, and, without any ceremony, explained the object of his visit. The Earl did not at first seem pleased, that what had been said at his private table should be made public without his permission. Mr. PITT, however, soon silenced his scruples, and put the emphatical question to him—

"Will you save the DUKE of YORK's army?" The General, with an equal degree of warmth, replied, *"Under Providence, I will!"* The troops were put on board, the transports sailed, the reinforcement landed, in direct unison with the General's wishes, and the French were completely duped by the scientific measure, to which he resorted, in order to ensure success.

When the EARL of MOIRA had effected his purpose, he left his troops with the DUKE, and returned to London, under the shade of his bloodless laurels!

GENERAL THE EARL OF WELLINGTON.

THIS Nobleman may be said, without resorting to metaphor, to be the greatest warrior of the age; for he has not only successfully made head against local difficulties, which to others would have been insuperable, but defeated, discomfited, routed every hostile army, which has been ever opposed to him in the field, thwarted the devices and paralyzed the councils of the ablest Generals whom France could send against him—Generals grown grey in the service of victory, and who, as if by magic process, had overturned every throne, and annihilated every army in continental Europe.

Among the moderns it is impossible to find a leader of an army, with whom we can compare the immortal WELLINGTON, nor is it very easy to find his equal among the ancients. By his consummate prudence and unshaken constancy, he resembles QUINTUS FABIUS, so worthy of the epithet *maximus*. FABIUS was the first who impeded the victorious progress of HANNIBAL, and thus afforded time to the Romans to repair their losses: FABIUS was the cause that the Carthaginian Chief lost several campaigns by his not offering him an opportunity of engaging him, for this reason he was called "*The Buckler of Rome*." It was WELLINGTON who first broke the spell, and in his strong hold kept the French at bay, compelling them to expend their resources, without turning any of them to the smallest advantage of the cause which they were desirous to support, and to waste their time in inaction, which ultimately became fatal to their interests. FABIUS's conduct procured him the appellation of "*The Buckler of Rome*," because he warded off the danger to which it was so much exposed, and does not the formidable WELLINGTON merit to be called, and for the same reason, "*The Buckler of England?*"

Here ends the parallel between this Roman and the British General.

MARCELLUS was a very eminent Roman Chief, brave and rapid in execution, who merited and obtained the distinguished appellation of "*The Sword*."

of Rome," because he was always ready to fight, when an opportunity offered. Unlike FABIVS, he was ever engaging HANNIBAL, and wearying him out by uninterrupted skirmishes, and compulsory dislocation of his troops. Lord WELLINGTON was the first General, who taught the revolutionary French, that, though before he appeared against them, they had been *unvanquished*, they were by no means *invincible*. Is not this noble chieftain "THE SWORD, AS WELL AS THE BUCKLER OF ENGLAND?" Does he grant the enemy the repose of a week? Is he not harassing and frustrating his plans every hour? Is he not the *scourge* of France, and of her allies, consequently the most eminent warrior in existence?

POLITENESS.

I HAVE spent several years in France, but could never bring myself to think the French to be truly a polite people; nay, I have an unpleasant variety of reasons to be persuaded of the reverse. I have almost uniformly found it impossible to be even four and twenty hours on a footing of familiarity with a Frenchman, without being either disgusted with the gross obscenity of his conversation, or scandalized by the immorality of his observations: I, of course, except the *French Clergy* from

this sweeping declaration. *Germans* I have found very awkwardly polite, and *Italians* impertinently so: one scarcely knows how to define the politeness of a *Spaniard*, it has something so *metaphysical* in it. An *English Gentleman* has, according to my observations, much of dignity in his politeness, an *Irish Gentleman* much of elegant ease, and a *Scotch Gentleman* is not without a *quantum sufficit* of both.

THE LEGACY.

KING JAMES of *mass-going* memory, had the following codicil annexed to his will: "We desire that, after our demise, our *heart* be embalmed and sent to the *Scotch College*, in Paris, as a token of our royal veneration for the tried fidelity of that most respectable nation; we order our *head** to be deposited, until the day of judgment, in the chapel of the *English Benedictine Monks*, also in Paris, and that our *bowels* be transferred to the *Irish College*, called *des Lombards*, as a proof of our royal yearning for that brave, but ill-starred people!"

The bequests were sent, after the death of the ex-Sovereign, to the different legatees by an officer of state, an *English Jesuit*. The President of the *Scotch* received the heart very *cordially*; the

* Including the *brains*, no doubt.

Benedictines deemed the head a very *capital* legacy ; but the Abbé O'NEIL, the *præses* of the Irish College, was so enraged on learning the *intestine* division which came to his share, that, in his wrath, he exclaimed, “ *haud fide dignum ; quia nemo dat quod non habet.*” The will cannot run so, continued he, for a man cannot bequeath what he never possessed. As well might he have left us *joint heirs* to the kingdoms of France and Navarre ; *quod sic probo*, added the Hibernian Logician. As for his *head*, it never produced any thing but *hair*, nor do I envy the English Monks their “*caput mortuum* ;” it is pretty evident, that he had no *heart*, a circumstance he most incontrovertibly proved by his pusillanimous conduct at the battle of the *Boyne*. Now I am resolved to account for my refusing the filthy bequest of the beggarly monarch. I am perfectly acquainted with his general character, and I never knew JAMES to do one humane act, *dead* or *alive* ; *ergo*, he had no *bowels* to dispose of——*ergo*, I decline the *offal* !

This anecdote was recorded on the College books, be it true, or not.

AN ORATOR

UGHT not abruptly to begin with a brilliant passage, but proceed to a blaze of eloquence by insensible degrees ; he should follow *Nature*, an excellent

guide. Let him observe how gradually she proceeds in her operations—let him remark the very finest day, when it is at its dawn, and see what little splendour it emits, so that it may be well doubted whether it be really day or night. Like a skilful painter too, he must take care not to paint *every thing*; he must not be diffuse in his descriptions, but leave something to occupy the imagination of his auditory. The celebrated GREEK did not deem it expedient to dwell very minutely on the charms of HELEN; he says but little of her face, and not much of her shape, still he has produced her to the world as the greatest beauty that adorned it. In eloquence there is a certain elegant simplicity, which is by far more amiable than all the pomp of diction, more noble and more persuasive; like unto those uncultivated tracts of land, which Nature has rendered so luxuriant by their situation, that all the deceptive auxiliaries of art cannot add to their beauty.

SUN-DIALS.

I HAVE noticed some very apposite devices on sun-dials. On one of them I observed two small figures, representing *Labour and Repose*, with these words, applicable to the hours, “*Plures labori, dulcibus quædam otiiis.*” “Most of them are sa-

cred to industry, and only a few to elegant amusement."

The following thought, in which the *Gnomon* is personified, I found in the Electoral garden of Mentz. "Dum fugit umbra, quiesco:" "Whilst the shadow is making its escape, I am at rest." This evidently imports, that the *Christian* enjoys the repose of pious solitude, while the shadow of sublunary things is passing away!

The "Dona præsentis rape, lætus, horæ" of HORACE, is applied with much felicity on a similar occasion; nor is the meaning profane, as a literal translation would induce one to be believe; for it may be thus paraphrased: "Receive with gratitude and joy whatever wise Providence bestows."

"Pereunt, et imputantur" is a very moral device and elegantly imagined; "the hours pass away, but they will be placed to our account."

"Utere præsenti, memor ultimæ:" "Make a good use of the present moment, and be mindful of the last," is a beautiful apophthegm.

Lines on the present moment.

- " Things past belong to Memory alone ;
- " Things future are the property of Hope ;
- " The narrow line, the isthmus of these seas,
- " The instant scarce divisible, is all
- " That mortals have to stand on," &c.

T. G.

K

UNAVAILING COMPLAINT.

" M'ABANDONNANT un jour à la tristesse,
 Sans espérance, et même sans désirs,
 Je regrettois les sensibles plaisirs,
 Dont la douceur enchantait ma jeunesse ;
 Sont ils perdus, disois-je, sans retour
 Et n'es tu pas cruel, Amour !
 Toi que j'ai fait dès mon enfance
 Le Maître de mes plus beaux jours,
 D'en laisser terminer le cours
 A l'ennuyeuse indifférence ?
 Alors j'apparus dans les airs
 L'enfant, Maître de l'univers,
 Qui, plein d'une joie inhumaine,
 Me dit, en souriant, Tais-toi, ne te plains plus,
 Je vais mettre fin à ta peine
 Je te promets un regard de CÉLUS."

" Abandon'd to grief, on my pillow reclia'd,
 Past all the sweet hopes, and warm wishes of love,
 I regretted their loss, and in secret repin'd
 That the raptures of youth, I no longer could prove:
 And are they quite gone, will they never return ?
 O Curse ! I cry'd, thy ill nature behold ;
 I devoted my youth on thy altars to burn,
 And now thou wilt leave me insensibly cold !
 This said, I perceiv'd hov'ring up in the air
 The sly little tyrant, who governs mankind,
 Who, with an arch look, cry'd, good THYRSIS forbear,
 For CÆLIA shall cure thee with looks that are kind."

LUCRETIA

Is commended by some authors for having laid violent hands on herself, in order, in some measure, to take revenge of her beauty for the insult offered to her Virtue; but a French poet, who has written much and well in Latin, is of a different opinion, and says, that so chaste a personage, so much in love with Honour, ought to have died through grief, and not have sought a foreign remedy.

"Fœmina tam teneri, consummatique pudoris

"Debuerat, solo victa dolore, mori."



THE COLLEGIAN'S GOWN.

IN our Universities the student's gown is as much an appendix of his way of life, as an enormous three-tailed wig is the criterion whereby to judge of a *Barrister's* learning; it is a cloak for erudition, and metaphorically implies much of the *Gentleman*; it intimates, moreover, that the wearer is not a slave to Fashion, and that it is in imitation of the *sages* of antiquity he accoutres himself thus as a Philosopher. A gown, abstracted from its scientific virtue, is a most convenient garment, and a very seasonable one: at night, the student

occasionally uses it as a blanket; in the day, it sometimes covers a thread-bare coat; in warm weather, he wears it gracefully loose; in winter he wraps himself up in it, modestly exclaiming, "*me meâ virtute involvo*;" and when he sallies forth for a row, be it for the purpose of cracking the windows of the peaceable citizens, or their heads—he tucks it up: In academic language "*Sic itur ad astra*."

MARTINET.

THIS name is given to an officer, who absurdly imagines, that, in order to be considered a good disciplinarian, and a gallant warrior, he must not only be strict, but *cruel* towards those who are unfortunate enough to be placed under his command; who deals out indiscriminate punishment, never deigning to distinguish between the exemplary soldier, who errs, perhaps, for the first time, and the habitual offender, the daily culprit, the worthless fellow; and who takes pride to himself for having brought scores, nay hundreds, to the *triangles*. The expression, *Martinet*, is French, and signifies a *cat o'nine tails*, and as such, it must appear an exotic adjunct when coupled with the name of a *British officer*!

I have known not a few officers of that description in our army; but I always found them among

the uneducated, and never among the truly brave. The *Gentleman* must be such, before he sports an *Epaulette*. His Majesty's commission invests him with "*brief authority*" to be sure, but can never confer on him that which must necessarily derive from a liberal education, and from previous habits of refined thinking.

If the *Martinet* be a contemptible character—and who would deny it without a blush—the officer, who is lax in his duty, and who, in order to get what is vulgarly called, *the soldier's good word*, overlooks minutiae, which, in time, grow into crimes, is unworthy of being intrusted with any portion of military command, for without punishment, without *flogging*, an army cannot exist, composed as it is of so many heterogeneous ingredients; and I am persuaded that those *orators*, in a certain assembly, who one moment commiserate the fate of British soldiers who merit and obtain a *flogging*, and the next call them the *murderers* of their fellow-citizens, were themselves *well and deservedly flogged at school* for the innate *petulance* of their *disposition*; an *inveterate*, an *incurable petulance*, which they have brought with them into society, to its great detriment and utter scandal.

It was a Frenchman of the name of MARTINET, who first introduced the use of the *bayonet* into the army, about the middle of the reign of LOUIS XIV. Like every other French mode, it was soon landed

in England, approved of as being among the most wonderful efforts of military invention, and is now appositely called the "*the British weapon.*"

It is a fact, not generally known, that the French, except when they are opposed to us, are ever successful in wielding the bayonet, and that they laugh at the vain endeavours of the Austrians and the Russians to subdue them with that weapon. "*Les armes blanches sont faites pour les François:*" "*Swords and bayonets are the arms of Frenchmen.*" Thus then has Monsieur MARTINET furnished us with a *rod*, with which we *whip* his countrymen, as often as they presume to appear before us in the field of action! "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*"

THE LADIES

SHOULD pay infinite attention to their dress; not to the splendour and costliness of it, but to what at once suits their condition in life, their complexion and their person. Nature, however lavish she usually be in gifting the fair, always leaves something to be done by the decorating hand of art; but that art must be scrupulously concealed, or its intended effects will not only vanish, but injure the cause which they propose to promote. As a judicious orator is sparing of ornamental language, and seldom resorts to rhetorical flourishes, except when he is anxious to lend support to a

weak argument, so a pretty female must not dazzle by a blaze of finery, nor be impolitic enough to be the cause of diverting the attention from a fascinating face, to a resplendent cluster of jewels. The vulgar load, but do not adorn themselves with diamonds; and as they cannot attract notice by their taste, they are resolved to court it by the weight and number of their precious trinkets.—Ladies should bear in mind the notorious imbecility of that painter, who, by dint of surcharging his picture of *Venus* with superfluous ornament, threw every captivating lineament of her countenance into shade. Let modesty with simplicity preside at the toilette, and if they be ambitious of conquest, they may rely upon being victorious.

“’Tis basilful beauty ever twines

The most coercive chain ;

’Tis she, that sov’reign rule declines,

Who best deserves to reign !”

The Ladies should ever recollect, that, though the Graces are always represented in gossamer attire, no painter ever presumed to draw them in any thing like a state of *nudity*; and that a great pagan moralist said, upwards of two thousand years ago, that a young female, inclined to display the treasures of nature, evinces incipient symptoms of *prostitution*; indeed, he says “even the *face* should not be made too cheap by a too free and frequent exhibition of its charms.”

The poets of antiquity have been shamefully wanting in becoming gallantry towards the fair ; there is scarcely a vice which they have not ascribed to the most endearing part of the creation ; nor do they blush, while they assert, that all evil begins and ends with the Ladies.

The unassuming VIRGIL did not scruple to set forth, that *woman*, without distinction of young or old, was a fickle and an inconstant thing :

“ Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina.”

And SENECA is not ashamed to declare, that she is the ringleader and contriver of all mischief and of all crimes, as his own harsh words will show :
“ Sed dux malorum fœmina, et scelerum artifex.”

PLAUTUS, in angry accents, asks what is worse, what is more audacious than *woman* ? “ Quid pejus muliere atque audacius ? ” and lest he should not be gratified with an answer to his liking, he abruptly answers himself—“ Nihil ! ” Nothing in existence ! Nor does he stop here ; he is firmly of opinion, that the fascinating blandishments of the sex are like birdlime : “ Viscus mera vestra est blanditia.” Nay, he goes so far as to condemn them for employing a few minutes in adorning themselves at their *toilette*, and this he calls in getting themselves washed, rubbed, scrubbed, bedisened, painted, and made up ! and these are his words, for Ladies, in

his time, spoke nothing but Latin: "*Lavari atque fricari, tergeri, expoliri, pingi, fingi!*" What an unconscionable pedant must he have been to assert that the man, who has too much time on his hands, and too much gold in his purse, may, by taking to himself a wife, and purchasing a ship, soon get rid of his money, and of his *quiet!* both the wife and the ship, he assures, will be ever in want of something; *new rig* them both *to-day*, and *to-morrow* they will want *new tackle* of some kind or other, the *next day* they will stand in need of double repair, and so on in endless succession. This he asserts emphatically in his own language:

"Negotii sibi qui volet vim parare, navem et mulierem
Hæc duo sibi comparato: nam nullæ magis res duæ
Plus negotii habent," &c. &c.

But what must we think of OVID, the Roman Knight, the ornament of courtly circles, when he traduces the Ladies by telling the world, that they have tears at command, and practice crying *how, when, and where* they think proper. This is a serious accusation, which, thanks to our stars! cannot be laid to the charge of the fair of the present day, at least in this united realm.—But hear the Knight of Rome, the lover of JULIA:

"Quò non ars pepetrat? discunt lacrymare decènter,
Quoque volunt plorant tempore, quoque modo."

This is unaccountable, as the Augustan age was the "*age of chivalry*," when not to be the advocate of beauty was to be a barbarian !

Nor is CATULLUS blameless—CATULLUS, the noble friend of the first and greatest of the CÆSARS; he arraigns his LESBIA of inconstancy, and says that she was betraying his confidence while she was breathing effusions of the most tender love to him, and declaring that, if even glittering JUPITER were to make her proposals, she would reject them with contempt:

..... "Non si se JUPITER ipse petat."

And he is not bashful to conclude with saying, that whatever vows of constancy, which a female may make, ought to be written on the fickle gale, or on the rapid stream :

..... "In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ."

SENECA puts himself into a passion *gratuitously*, by supposing what is physically impossible; he says that Ladies too often drink *unqualified spirits*, and he curses them very cavalierly for their intemperance :

"Dii illas Deæque malè perdant !"

which will bear this *free* translation : "May the Gods and Goddesses *d——n* such !"

HORACE says, *sans cérémonie*, that even his divinities could sip a little :

“*Vina fens dulces oluerant manè Camœnæ.*”

“The gentle Muses, ev’n those nymphs divine,
Oft rose with morning lips that smelt of wine !”

All these are serious assertions, but, as mere assertions, unaccompanied by proof, they fall harmless, or the fiction recoils on the authors, who shamefully entered into a conspiracy to degrade what is most admirable in society ; a circumstance which must ever reflect disgrace on the poets of antiquity. Human nature has been always the same—*good, blended with evil* : and I think it would not be difficult to demonstrate that, in general, women fill up their appointed circle of action in social life with more regularity, than the overbearing sex ; and that without enumerating their other excellencies, they possess more fortitude under the pressure of calamity, than the *self-created Lord* of this nether world, being ever more resigned to the dispensations of Providence, let the vanity of man whisper to him what it may to the contrary. Woman is by nature more affectionate than man, for where the uncouth being proceeds a *single step* in love, she adventures a *mile* ! In fine, I coincide perfectly in opinion

with our amiable, modern *Anacreon*, when he sweetly sings—

.....“ Oh woman ! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and delight of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there.....there is happiness too.”

MORE LAST WORDS,

WERE I asked what constitutes female excellence, I should feel no hesitation in broadly asserting, that without possessing virtue, none can lay claim to loveliness; that virtue confers beauty, and that the countenance, on which the greatest modesty beams, is ever the most fascinating; I should super-add, and advise them to study the Graces, to recollect, that, like the Arts, the Graces go hand in hand; and I should finally observe, that the Graces can never dwell where decency is not, nor decency exist without a veil :

“ Point de Graces sans décence,
Point de décence sans voile !”

THE END.

ERRATA.

Dele, Lector, quæ delenda.

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